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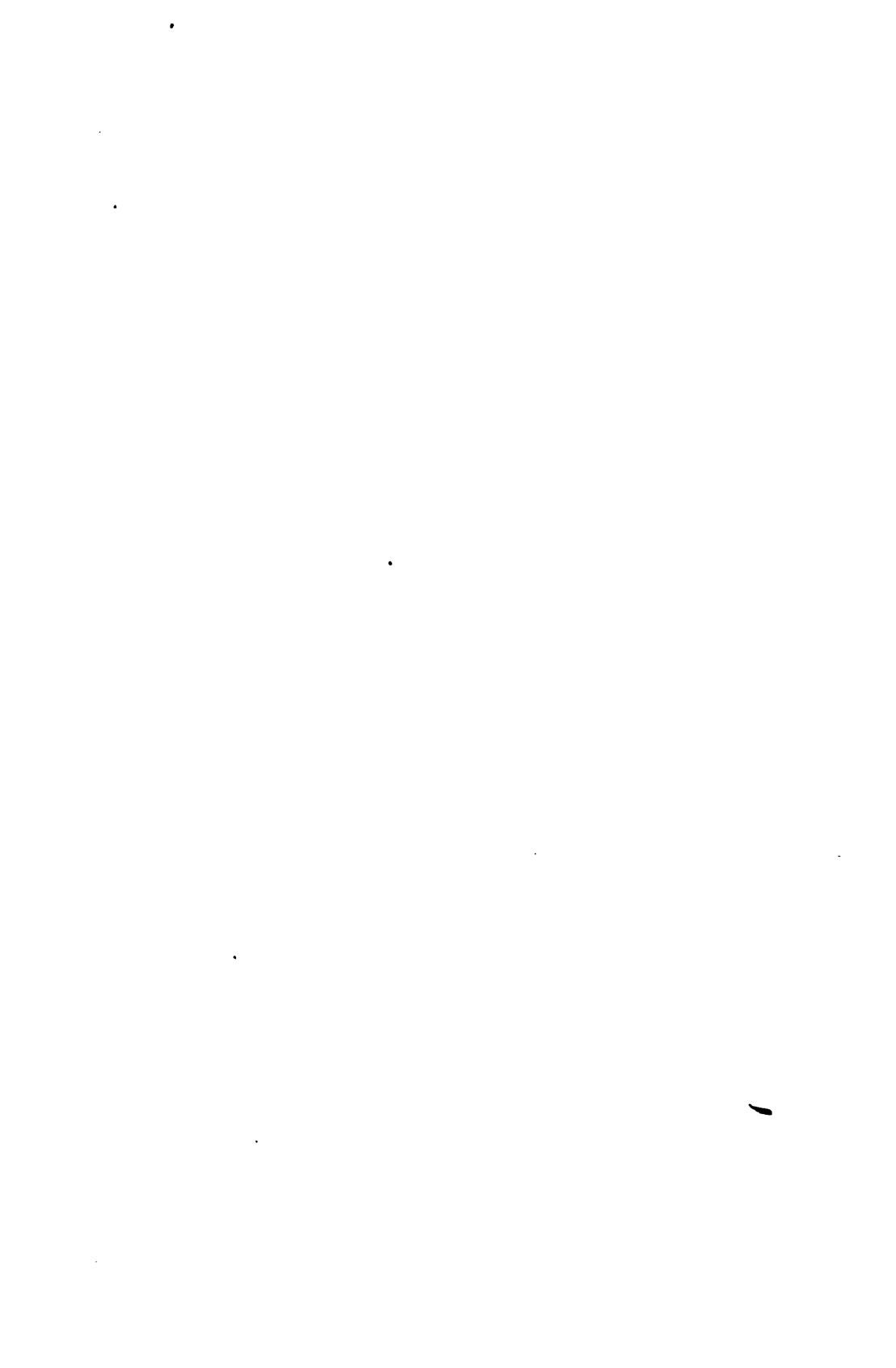
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THE GIFT OF
Fines









more and more like this, like a "flock of
sheep with the leader being a good and
kindly shepherd of the world."

*"I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame."*

(From The Sensitive Plant.)

The Complete Works of
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY v. 6



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

1817 to 1822

EDITED BY

Nathan Haskell Dole



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Continued





Poems Written in 1817

To the Lord Chancellor

I.



HY country's curse is on thee,
darkest crest
Of that foul, knotted, many-
headed worm

Which rends our Mother's bosom — Priestly
Pest !

Masked Resurrection of a buried Form !

II.

Thy country's curse is on thee ! Justice sold,
Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks over-
thrown,

Poems Written in 1817

And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's
throne.

III.

And, whilst that sure slow Angel which aye
stands
Watching the beck of Mutability
Delays to execute her high commands,
And, though a nation weeps, spares thine
and thee,

IV.

O let a father's curse be on thy soul,
And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb ;
Be both, on thy gray head, a leaden cowl
To weigh thee down to thine approaching
doom !

V.

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love,
By hopes long cherished and too lately
lost,
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,
By griefs which thy stern nature never crost ;

To the Lord Chancellor

VI.

By those infantine smiles of happy light,
Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night,
Hiding the promise of a lovely birth ;

VII.

By those unpractised accents of young speech,
Which he who is a father thought to frame
To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach —
Thou strike the lyre of mind ! O grief and
shame !

VIII.

By all the happy see in children's growth —
That undeveloped flower of budding
years —
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest
fears —

IX.

By all the days under an hireling's care,
Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness, —

Poems Written in 1817

O wretched ye if ever any were,—
Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless !

x.

By thy false cant which on their innocent lips
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
Their pathway from the cradle to the
tomb —

xi.

By the most impious Hell, and all its terror ;
By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt
Of thine impostures, which must be their
error —
That sand on which thy crumbling power is
built —

xii.

By thy complicity with lust and hate —
Thy thirst for tears — thy hunger after
gold —
The ready frauds which ever on thee wait —
The servile arts in which thou hast grown
old —

To the Lord Chancellor

xiii.

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile —
By all the arts and snares of thy black den,
And — for thou canst outweep the croco-
dile —
By thy false tears — those millstones brain-
ing men —

xiv.

By all the hate which checks a father's love —
By all the scorn which kills a father's care —
By those most impious hands which dared
remove
Nature's high bounds — by thee — and by
despair —

xv.

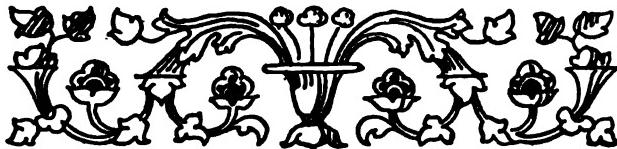
Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,
And cry, "My children are no longer
mine —
The blood within those veins may be mine
own,
But — Tyrant — their polluted souls are
thine; — "

Poems Written in 1817

xvi.

I curse thee — though I hate thee not — O
slave !
If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming
Hell
Of which thou art a dæmon, on thy grave
This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee
well !





To William Shelley

I.



THE billows on the beach are leaping around it,
The bark is weak and frail,
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it
Darkly strew the gale.
Come with me, thou delightful child,
Come with me, though the wave is wild,
And the winds are loose, we must not stay,
Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

II.

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
They have made them unfit for thee;
They have withered the smile and dried the
tear
Which should have been sacred to me.

Poems Written in 1817

To a blighting faith and a cause of crime
They have bound them slaves in youthly
prime,
And they will curse my name and thee
Because we are fearless and free.

III.

Come thou, belovèd as thou art ;
Another sleepeth still
Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,
Which thou with joy shalt fill,
With fairest smiles of wonder thrown
On that which is indeed our own,
And which in distant lands will be
The dearest playmate unto thee.

IV.

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,
Or the priests of the evil faith ;
They stand on the brink of that raging river,
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells ;

To William Shelley

And their swords and their sceptres I floating
see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

v.

Rest, rest, and shriek not, thou gentle child !
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
And the cold spray and the clamour wild ? —
There sit between us two, thou dearest —
Me and thy mother — well we know
The storm at which thou tremblest so,
With all its dark and hungry graves,
Less cruel than the savage slaves
Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

vi.

This hour will in thy memory
Be a dream of days forgotten long,
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the Mother of the free ;
And I will teach thine infant tongue

Poems Written in 1817

To call upon those heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore, that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim !

Fragment: The Fight Was O'er



HE fight was o'er: the flashing
through the gloom
Which robes the cannon as he
wings a tomb
Had ceased.



From the Original Draft of the Poem to William Shelley

I.



HE world is now our dwelling-place;
Where'er the earth one fading trace

Of what was great and free does keep,
That is our home! . . .
Mild thoughts of man's ungentle race
Shall our contented exile reap;
For who that in some happy place
His own free thoughts can freely chase
By woods and waves can clothe his face
In cynic smiles? Child! we shall weep.

Poems Written in 1817

II.

This lament,
The memory of thy grievous wrong
Will fade . . .
But genius is omnipotent
To hallow . . .

On Fanny Godwin

ER voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was
broken
From which it came, and I de-
parted
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery — O Misery,
This world is all too wide for thee.



Fragment: A Cloud-chariot



THAT a chariot of cloud were
mine!

Of cloud which the wild tempest
weaves in air,

When the moon over the ocean's line
Is spreading the locks of her bright gray
hair.

O that a chariot of cloud were mine!

I would sail on the waves of the billowy
wind

To the mountain peak and the rocky lake,
And the . . .





Lines

I.



HAT time is dead for ever, child,
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever !
We look on the past
And stare agast
At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river.

II.

The stream we gazed on then, rolled by ;
Its waves are unreturning ;
But we yet stand
In a lone land,
Like tombs to mark the memory
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
In the light of life's dim morning.



Death

I.



HEY die — the dead return not
— Misery
Sits near an open grave and calls
them over,

A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye —
They are the names of kindred, friend and
lover,

Which he so feebly calls — they all are gone !

Fond wretch, all dead, those vacant names
alone,

This most familiar scene, my pain —
These tombs alone remain.

II.

Misery, my sweetest friend — oh ! weep no
more !

Thou wilt not be consoled — I wonder not !

Poems Written in 1817

For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this
spot
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is
hoary ;
This most familiar scene, my pain —
These tombs alone remain.

A Hate Song



HATER he came and sat by a
ditch,
And he took an old cracked
lute ;
And he sang a song which was more of a
screech
'Gainst a woman that was a brute.



Otho

I.



HOU wert not, Cassius, and thou
couldst not be,
Last of the Romans, though thy
memory claim

From Brutus his own glory—and on thee
Rests the full splendour of his sacred fame;
Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail
Amid his cowering senate with thy name,
Though thou and he were great—it will avail
To thine own fame that Otho's should not
fail.

II.

'Twill wrong thee not—thou wouldest, if thou
couldst feel,
Abjure such envious fame—great Otho
died

Poems Written in 1817

Like thee — he sanctified his country's steel,
At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,
In his own blood — a deed it was to bring
Tears from all men — though full of gentle
pride,
Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,
That will not be refused its offering.

Fragment: Unsatisfied Desire



O thirst and find no fill — to wail
and wander
With short uneasy steps — to
pause and ponder —
To feel the blood run through the veins and
tingle
Where busy thought and blind sensation
mingle ;
To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow.



Fragments Supposed to Be Parts of Otho

I.



HOSE whom nor power, nor lying
faith, nor toil,
Nor custom, queen of many
slaves, makes blind,

Have ever grieved that man should be the
spoil
Of his own weakness, and with earnest
mind
Fed hopes of its redemption, these recur
Chastened by deathful victory now, and find
Foundations in this foulest age, and stir
Me whom they cheer to be their minister.

Poems Written in 1817

II.

Dark is the realm of grief : but human things
Those may not know who cannot weep for
them.

• • • • •

III.

Once more descend
The shadows of my soul upon mankind,
For to those hearts with which they never
blend,
Thoughts are but shadows which the flash-
ing mind
From the swift clouds which track its flight of
fire,
Cast on the gloomy world it leaves behind.

• • • • •



Fragment: Love Immortal



EAALTH and dominion fade into
the mass
Of the great sea of human right
and wrong,

When once from our possession they must
pass ;

But love, though misdirected, is among
The things which are immortal, and surpass
All that frail stuff which will be — or which
was.

Fragment: Thoughts in Solitude



Y thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest
them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven
of spreading day :
How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl !



Fragment: To One Freed from Prison



OR me, my friend, if not that tears
did tremble
In my faint eyes, and that my
heart beat fast
With feelings which make rapture pain re-
semble,
Yet, from thy voice that falsehood starts
aghast,
I thank thee — let the tyrant keep
His chains and tears, yea let him weep
With rage to see thee freshly risen,
Like strength from slumber, from the prison,
In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind
Which on the chains must prey that fetter
humankind.



Fragment: Satan at Large



GOLDEN - WINGED Angel
stood
Before the Eternal Judgment-
seat :

His looks were wild, and Devils' blood
Stained his dainty hands and feet.

The Father and the Son
Knew that strife was now begun.

They knew that Satan had broken his chain,
And with millions of demons in his train,
Was ranging over the world again.

Before the Angel had told his tale,
A sweet and a creeping sound
Like the rushing of wings was heard around ;
And suddenly the lamps grew pale —
The lamps, before the Archangels seven,
That burn continually in heaven.



Ozymandias



MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half-sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart
that fed :

And on the pedestal these words appear :
“ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! ”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.



Lines to a Critic

I.



ONEY from silkworms who can
gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter
weather
As soon as hate in me.

II.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

III.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,
To be thy dear heart's mate,

Poems Written in 1817

Thy love will move that bigot cold
Sooner than me thy hate.

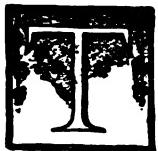
IV.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be ;
I hate thy want of truth and love —
How should I then hate thee ?





Note on Poems of 1817, by Mrs. Shelley



THE very illness that oppressed, and the aspect of death which had approached so near Shelley, appear to have kindled to yet keener life the spirit of poetry in his heart. The restless thoughts kept awake by pain clothed themselves in verse. Much was composed during this year. The "Revolt of Islam," written and printed, was a great effort — "Rosalind and Helen" was begun — and the fragments and poems I can trace to the same period show how full of passion and reflection were his solitary hours.

In addition to such poems as have an intelligible aim and shape, many a stray idea and

Note by Mrs. Shelley

transitory emotion found imperfect and abrupt expression, and then again lost themselves in silence. As he never wandered without a book and without implements of writing, I find many such, in his manuscript books, that scarcely bear record; while some of them, broken and vague as they are, will appear valuable to those who love Shelley's mind, and desire to trace its workings.

He projected also translating the Hymns of Homer; his version of several of the shorter ones remains, as well as that to Mercury already published in the "Posthumous Poems." His readings this year were chiefly Greek. Besides the Hymns of Homer and the Iliad, he read the dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, the "Symposium" of Plato, and Arrian's "Historia Indica." In Latin, Apuleius alone is named. In English, the Bible was his constant study; he read a great portion of it aloud in the evening. Among these evening readings I find also mentioned the "Faerie Queene," and other modern works, the production of his contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron.

His life was now spent more in thought

Note by Mrs. Shelley

than action—he had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind. And yet in the converse of daily life Shelley was far from being a melancholy man. He was eloquent when philosophy or politics or taste were the subjects of conversation. He was playful; and indulged in the wild spirit that mocked itself and others—not in bitterness, but in sport. The author of “Nightmare Abbey” seized on some points of his character and some habits of his life when he painted Scythrop. He was not addicted to “port or madeira,” but in youth he had read of “Illuminati and Eleutherarchs,” and believed that he possessed the power of operating an immediate change in the minds of men and the state of society. These wild dreams had faded; sorrow and adversity had struck home; but he struggled with despondency as he did with physical pain. There are few who remember him sailing paper boats, and watching the navigation of his tiny craft with eagerness—or repeating with wild energy “The Ancient Mariner,” and Southey’s “Old Woman of Berkeley;” but those who do will recollect that it was in such, and in the crea-

Note by Mrs. Shelley

tions of his own fancy when that was most daring and ideal, that he sheltered himself from the storms and disappointments, the pain and sorrow, that beset his life.

No words can express the anguish he felt when his elder children were torn from him. In his first resentment against the chancellor, on the passing of the decree, he had written a curse, in which there breathes, besides haughty indignation, all the tenderness of a father's love, which could imagine and fondly dwell upon its loss and the consequences.

At one time, while the question was still pending, the chancellor had said some words that seemed to intimate that Shelley should not be permitted the care of any of his children, and for a moment he feared that our infant son would be torn from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, everything, and to escape with his child ; and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom afterward we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him. This poem, as well as the one previously quoted, were not written to exhibit

Note by Mrs. Shelley

the pangs of distress to the public; they were the spontaneous outbursts of a man who brooded over his wrongs and woes, and was impelled to shed the grace of his genius over the uncontrollable emotions of his heart. I ought to observe that the fourth verse of this effusion is introduced in "Rosalind and Helen." When afterward this child died at Rome, he wrote, *apropos* to the English burying-ground in that city: "This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child lies buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections."





Poems Written in 1818





Poems Written in 1818

To the Nile



MONTH after month the gathered
rains descend
Drenching yon secret *Æthiopian*
dells,

And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces
blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest
dwells
By Nile's aerial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.

Poems Written in 1818

O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
And they are thine, O Nile—and well thou
knowest

That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou
flowest.

Beware, O Man—for knowledge must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt ever be:

Fragment: To Byron



MIGHTY mind, in whose deep
stream this age
Shakes like a reed in the unheed-
ing storm,

Why dost thou curb not thine own sacred
rage?



Song for “Tasso”

I.



LOVED — alas ! our life is love ;
But when we cease to breathe and
move

I do suppose love ceases too.

I thought, but not as now I do,
Keen thoughts and bright of linkèd lore,
Of all that men had thought before,
And all that nature shows, and more.

II.

And still I love and still I think,
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love ; . . .
And if I think, my thoughts come fast,

Poems Written in 1818

I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

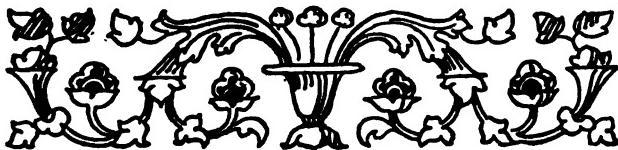
III.

Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O Leonora, and I sit
. . . still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

Fragment: The Stream's Margin



HE fierce beasts of the woods and
wildernesses
Track not the steps of him who
drinks of it ;
For the light breezes, which for ever fleet
Around its margin, heap the sand thereon.



Sonnet

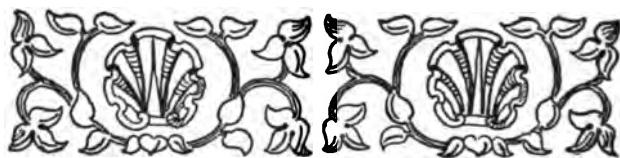


IFT not the painted veil which
those who live
Call Life: though unreal shapes
be pictured there,

And it but mimic all we would believe
With colours idly spread,— behind lurk Fear
And Hope, twin destinies; who ever weave
Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and
drear.

I knew one who had lifted it — he sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains, the which he could ap-
prove.

Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.



Fragment: Appeal to Silence

SILENCE! O well are Death and
Sleep and Thou
Three brethren named, the guar-
dians gloomy-winged
Of one abyss, where life, and truth, and joy
Are swallowed up — yet spare me, Spirit, pity
me,
Until the sounds I hear become my soul,
And it has left these faint and weary limbs,
To track along the lapses of the air
This wandering melody until it rests
Among lone mountains in some . . .





Passage of the Apennines



ISTEN, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine,
It bursts on the roof like the
thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay ;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the
storm.



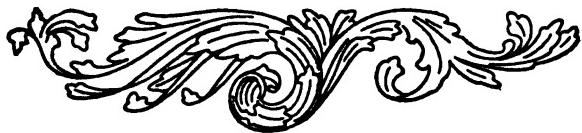
The Past

I.

WILT thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet
bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

II.

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.



To Mary —



MARY dear, that you were
here
With your brown eyes bright
and clear,

And your sweet voice, like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy bower disconsolate ;
Voice the sweetest ever heard !
And your brow more . . .
Than the sky
Of this azure Italy.

Mary dear, come to me soon,
I am not well whilst thou art far ;
As sunset to the spherèd moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, belovèd, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here ;
The Castle echo whispers “ Here ! ”



On a Faded Violet

I.



THE odour from the flower is
gone
Which like thy kisses breathed
on me ;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee !

II.

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

III.

I weep,— my tears revive it not !
I sigh,— it breathes no more on me ;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.



Lines Written among the Euganean Hills

October, 1818



ANY a green isle needs must
be
In the deep wide sea of
misery,

Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track ;
Whilst above the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,

Poems Written in 1818

Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity ;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet ;
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat ;
Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress ?
Then 'twill wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no :

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold ;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill ;
Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.
On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones,
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land :
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews, as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale ;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughtered town,
When a king in glory rides

Poems Written in 1818

Through the pomp of fratricides :
Those unburied bones around
There is many a mournful sound ;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapour, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony :
To such a one this morn was led
My bark by soft winds piloted :
'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan,
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical ;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Thro' the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain,

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Thro' the broken mist they sail,
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vapourous air,
Islanded by cities fair ;
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line

Poems Written in 1818

Of the waters crystalline ;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.
Sun-girt City, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen ;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aerial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms
Like pollution-nourished worms

Poems Written in 1818

To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering :
But if Freedom should awake
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold
All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chained like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime ;
If not, perish thou and they,
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away,
Earth can spare ye : while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.
Perish — let there only be
Floating o'er thy heartless sea
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan ;—
That a tempest-cleaving Swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee ; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror ;— what though yet
Poesy's unfailing River,
Which thro' Albion winds for ever
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred Poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled ?
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own ? oh, rather say
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul ?

Poems Written in 1818

As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs ;
As divinest Shakespeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality ;
As the love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly ; — so thou art,
Mighty spirit — so shall be
The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height ;
From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that gray cloud
Many-domèd Padua proud

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heaped upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will ;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest home :
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse ; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

**Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,**

Poems Written in 1818

Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

It gleams betrayed and to betray :
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth :
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might ;
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born :
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear ; so thou,
O Tyranny, beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest :

Poems Written in 1818

Grovel on the earth ; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride !

Noon descends around me now :
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vapourous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound
Fills the overflowing sky ;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath, the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-wingèd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air ; the flower

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky:
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.
Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn

Poems Written in 1818

(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.
Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony :
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulph : even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine

Lines Written among Euganean Hills

Of all flowers that breathe and shine :
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude ;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves ;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood :
They, not it would change ; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.



Scene from “Tasso”

MADDALO, a Courtier.

PIGNA, a Minister.

MALPIGLIO, a Poet.

ALBANO, an Usher.

MADDALO



O access to the Duke! You have
not said
That the Count Maddalo would
speak with him?

PIGNA

Did you inform his Grace that Signor Pigna
Waits with state papers for his signature?

MALPIGLIO

The Lady Leonora cannot know
That I have written a sonnet to her fame,

Scene from “Tasso”

In which I Venus and Adonis.
You should not take my gold and serve me
not.

ALBANO

In truth I told her, and she smiled and said,
“ If I am Venus, thou, coy Poesy,
Art the Adonis whom I love, and he
The Erymanthian boar that wounded him.”
O trust to me, Signor Malpiglio,
Those nods and smiles were favours worth the
zechin.

MALPIGLIO

The words are twisted in some double sense
That I reach not: the smiles fell not on me.

PIGNA

How are the Duke and Duchess occupied?

ALBANO

Buried in some strange talk. The Duke was
 leaning,
His finger on his brow, his lips unclosed.
The Princess sate within the window-seat,

Poems Written in 1818

And so her face was hid ; but on her knee
Her hands were clasped, veinèd, and pale as
snow,
And quivering — young Tasso, too, was there.

MADDALO

Thou seest on whom from thine own wor-
shipped heaven
Thou drawest down smiles — they did not rain
on thee.

MALPIGLIO

Would they were parching lightnings for his
sake
On whom they fell !





Fragment: To the People of England

PEOPLE of England, ye who toil
and groan,
Who reap the harvests which are
not your own,
Who weave the clothes which your oppressors
wear,
And for your own take the inclement air ;
Who build warm houses . . .
And are like gods who give them all they have,
And nurse them from the cradle to the
grave . . .

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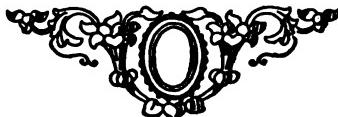




Fragment: “What Men Gain Fairly”^{*}

WHAT men gain fairly — that they should possess,
And children may inherit idleness,
From him who earns it — This is understood ;
Private injustice may be general good.
But he who gains by base and armèd wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled ; even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.

^{*} Perhaps connected with that immediately preceding. — ED.





To Misery

I.



COME, be happy! — sit near me,
Shadow-vested Misery :
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,
Mourning in thy robe of pride,
Desolation — deified !

II.

Come, be happy! — sit near me :
Sad as I may seem to thee,
I am happier far than thou,
Lady, whose imperial brow
Is endiademed with woe.

III.

Misery ! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother

Poems Written in 1818

Living in the same lone home,
Many years — we must live some
Hours or ages yet to come.

IV.

"Tis an evil lot, and yet
Let us make the best of it ;
If love can live when pleasure dies,
We two will love, till in our eyes
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

V.

Come, be happy ! — lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the Grasshopper doth sing
Merrily — one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing !

VI.

There our tent shall be the willow,
And thine arm shall be my pillow ;
Sounds and odours sorrowful

To Misery

Because they once were sweet, shall lull
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

VII.

Ha ! thy frozen pulses flutter
With a love thou darest not utter.
Thou art murmuring — thou art weeping —
Is thine icy bosom leaping
While my burning heart lies sleeping ?

VIII.

Kiss me ; — oh ! thy lips are cold :
Round my neck thine arms enfold —
They are soft, but chill and dead ;
And thy tears upon my head
Burn like points of frozen lead.

IX.

Hasten to the bridal bed —
Underneath the grave 'tis spread :
In darkness may our love be hid,

Poems Written in 1818

Oblivion be our coverlid —
We may rest, and none forbid.

x.

Clasp me till our hearts be grown
Like two shadows into one ;
Till this dreadful transport may
Like a vapour fade away,
In the sleep that lasts alway.

xi.

We may dream, in that long sleep,
That we are not those who weep ;
E'en as Pleasure dreams of thee,
Life-deserting Misery,
Thou mayst dream of her with me.

xii.

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,
At the shadows of the earth,
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,
Which, like spectres wrapt in shrouds,
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

To Misery

xiii.

All the wide world beside us
Show like multitudinous
Puppets passing from a scene;
What but mockery can they mean,
Where I am — where thou hast been?

Fragment: The Vine amid Ruins



LOURISHING vine, whose kindling clusters glow
Beneath the autumnal sun, none taste of thee;
For thou dost shroud a ruin, and below
The rotting bones of dead antiquity.



Stanzas

Written in Dejection, near Naples

I.



HE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and
bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains
wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

II.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;

Stanzas

I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers,
thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my
emotion.

III.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure.

IV.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;

Poems Written in 1818

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

v.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in mem-
ory yet.





The Woodman and the Nightingale



WOODMAN whose rough heart
was out of tune
(I think such hearts yet never
came to good)

Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody ;—
And as a vale is watered by a flood,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness — as a tuberose
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which
lie

Poems Written in 1818

Like clouds above the flower from which they
rose,

The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interfused upon the silentness ;
The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss
Of heaven with all its planets ; the dull ear
Of the night-cradled earth ; the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters, — every sphere
And every flower and beam and cloud and
wave,

And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,
And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,
And every silver moth fresh from the grave,

Which is its cradle — ever from below
Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,
To be consumed within the purest glow

The Woodman and the Nightingale

Of one serene and unapproachèd star,
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,
Unconscious, as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high beyond all height
The heaven where it would perish! — and
every form
That worshipped in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm
Girt as with an interminable zone,
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a
storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
Out of their dreams; harmony became love
In every soul but one.

• • • • • • •

And so this man returned with axe and saw
At evening close from killing the tall treen,
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene

Poems Written in 1818

With jagged leaves, — and from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep — or weeping oft
Fast showers of aerial water-drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness ;—
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds :— or, where high
branches kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion — and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odours and gleams and murmurs, which the
lute
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

The Woodman and the Nightingale

Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has past
To such brief unison as on the brain
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,
One accent never to return again.

• • • • •
The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

Fragment: A Lost Leader



Y head is wild with weeping for a
grief
Which is the shadow of a gentle
mind.

I walk into the air (but no relief
To seek — or haply, if I sought, to find ;
It came unsought) ; to wonder that a chief
Among men's spirits should be cold and blind.



Marenghi¹

I.



ET those who pine in pride or in
revenge,
Or think that ill for ill should be
repaid,
Or barter wrong for wrong, until the exchange
Ruins the merchants of such thriftless trade,
Visit the tower of Vado, and unlearn
Such bitter faith beside Marenghi's urn.

II.

A massy tower yet overhangs the town,
A scattered group of ruined dwellings now.

¹ This fragment refers to an event told in Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes," which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province.—*Mrs. Shelley.*

Marenghi

III.

Another scene ere wise Etruria knew
Its second ruin through internal strife,
And tyrants through the breach of discord
threw
The chain which binds and kills. As death
to life,
As winter to fair flowers (though some be
poison)
So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison.

IV.

In Pisa's church a cup of sculptured gold
Was brimming with the blood of feuds for-
sworn
At sacrament: more holy ne'er of old
Etrurians mingled with the shades forlorn
Of moon-illumined forests.

• • • • •

V.

And reconciling factions wet their lips

Poems Written in 1818

With that dread wine, and swear to keep
each spirit

Undarkened by their country's last eclipse.

.

VI.

Was Florence the liberticide? that band
Of free and glorious brothers who had
planted,
Like a green isle 'mid Æthiopian sand,
A nation amid slaveries, disenchanted
Of many impious faiths — wise, just — do
they,
Does Florence, gorge the sated tyrants' prey?

VII.

O foster-nurse of man's abandoned glory,
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in
splendour;
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in
story,
As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet ten-
der: —

Marenghi

The light-invested angel Poesy
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome
thee.

VIII.

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught
By loftiest meditations ; marble knew
The sculptor's fearless soul — and as he
wrought,
The grace of his own power and freedom grew.
And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,
Thou wert among the false — was this thy
crime ?

IX.

Yes ; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine
Of direst weeds hangs garlanded — the snake
Inhabits its wrecked palaces ; — in thine
A beast of subtler venom now doth make
Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,
And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

X.

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,
And love and freedom blossom but to wither ;

Poems Written in 1818

And good and ill like vines entangled are,
So that their grapes may oft be plucked
together;—
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Marenghi's sake.

XI.

No record of his crime remains in story,
But if the morning bright as evening shone,
It was some high and holy deed, by glory
Pursued into forgetfulness, which won
From the blind crowd he made secure and
free
The patriot's need, toil, death, and infamy.

XII.

For when by sound of trumpet was declared
A price upon his life, and there was set
A penalty of blood on all who shared
So much of water with him as might
wet
His lips, which speech divided not—he went
Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

Marenghi

xiii.

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,
He hid himself, and hunger, toil, and cold,
Month after month endured ; it was a feast
Whene'er he found those globes of deep-red
gold
Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth
bear,
Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

xiv.

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,
Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,
And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,
And where the huge and speckled aloe made,
Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,

xv.

He housed himself. There is a point of strand
Near Vado's tower and town ; and on one
side

Poems Written in 1818

The treacherous marsh divides it from the
land,
Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide,
And on the other creeps eternally,
Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea.

xvi.

Here the earth's breath is pestilence, and few
But things whose nature is at war with life—
Snakes and ill worms—endure its mortal dew,
The trophies of the clime's victorious
strife—
White bones, and locks of dun and yellow
hair,
And ringèd horns which buffaloes did wear—

xvii.

And at the utmost point . . . stood there
The relics of a weed-inwoven cot,
Thatched with broad flags. An outlawed mur-
derer
Had lived seven days there: the pursuit
was hot

Marenghi

When he was cold. The birds that were his
grave
Fell dead upon their feast in Vado's wave.

xviii.

There must have lived within Marenghi's
heart
That fire, more warm and bright than life or
hope,
(Which to the martyr makes his dungeon . . .
More joyous than the heaven's majestic cope
To his oppressor), warring with decay,—
Or he could ne'er have lived years, day by day.

xix.

Nor was his state so lone as you might think.
He had tamed every newt and snake and
toad,
And every sea-gull which sailed down to
drink
Those . . . ere the death-mist went abroad.
And each one, with peculiar talk and play,
Wiled, not untaught, his silent time away.

Poems Written in 1818

xx.

And the marsh-meteors, like tame beasts, at
night
Came licking with blue tongues his veinèd
feet ;
And he would watch them, as, like spirits bright,
In many entangled figures quaint and sweet
To some enchanted music they would dance—
Until they vanished at the first moon-glance.

xxi.

He mocked the stars by grouping on each weed
The summer dewdrops in the golden dawn ;
And, ere the hoarfrost vanished, he could read
Its pictured footprints, as on spots of lawn
Its delicate brief touch in silence weaves
The likeness of the wood's remembered leaves.

xxii.

And many a fresh Spring morn would he
awaken—
While yet the unrisen sun made glow, like
iron

Marenghi

Quivering in crimson fire, the peaks unshaken
Of mountains and blue isles which did environ
With air-clad crags that plain of land and sea,—
And feel liberty.

XXIII.

And in the moonless nights, when the dim
ocean
Heaved underneath the heaven, . . .
Starting from dreams . . .
Communed with the immeasurable world;
And felt his life beyond his limbs dilated,
Till his mind grew like that it contemplated.

XXIV.

His food was the wild fig and strawberry ;
The milky pine-nuts which the autumnal
blast
Shakes into the tall grass ; and such small fry
As from the sea by winter storms are cast ;
And the coarse bulbs of iris-flowers he found
Knotted in clumps under the spongy ground.

Poems Written in 1818

xxv.

And so were kindled powers and thoughts
which made
His solitude less dark. When memory came
(For years gone by leave each a deepening shade),
His spirit basked in its internal flame,—
As, when the black storm hurries round at night,
The fisher basks beside his red firelight.

xxvi.

Yet human hopes and cares and faiths and errors,
Like billows unawakened by the wind,
Slept in Marenghi still ; but that all terrors,
Weakness, and doubt, had withered in his
mind.
His couch . . .

.

xxvii.

And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet
A black ship walk over the crimson
ocean,—

Marenghi

Its pennons streaming on the blasts that fan it,
Its sails and ropes all tense and without mo-
tion,
Like the dark ghost of the unburied even
Striding across the orange-coloured heaven,—

XXVIII.

The thought of his own kind who made the
soul
Which sped that wingèd shape through
night and day,—
The thought of his own country . . .

.





Note on Poems of 1818, by Mrs. Shelley

WE often hear of persons disappointed by a first visit to Italy. This was not Shelley's case. The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms, of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted him. The sight of the works of art was full enjoyment and wonder. He had not studied pictures or statues before; he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of Nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of antique grandeur that far surpassed his expecta-

Note by Mrs. Shelley

tions; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy.

Our winter was spent at Naples. Here he wrote the fragments of "Marenghi" and "The Woodman and the Nightingale," which he afterward threw aside. At this time, Shelley suffered greatly in health. He put himself under the care of a medical man, who promised great things, and made him endure severe bodily pain, without any good results. Constant and poignant physical suffering exhausted him; and though he preserved the appearance of cheerfulness, and often greatly enjoyed our wanderings in the environs of Naples, and our excursions on its sunny sea, yet many hours were passed when his thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy,—and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses, which he hid from fear of wounding me, poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sadness. One looks back with unspeakable regret and gnawing remorse to such periods; fancying that, had one been more alive to the nature of his feelings, and more attentive to soothe

Note by Mrs. Shelley

them, such would not have existed. And yet, enjoying as he appeared to do every sight or influence of earth or sky, it was difficult to imagine that any melancholy he showed was aught but the effect of the constant pain to which he was a martyr.

We lived in utter solitude. And such is often not the nurse of cheerfulness; for then, at least with those who have been exposed to adversity, the mind broods over its sorrows too intently; while the society of the enlightened, the witty, and the wise, enables us to forget ourselves by making us the sharers of the thoughts of others, which is a portion of the philosophy of happiness. Shelley never liked society in numbers,—it harassed and wearied him; but neither did he like loneliness, and usually, when alone, sheltered himself against memory and reflection in a book. But, with one or two whom he loved, he gave way to wild and joyous spirits, or in more serious conversation expounded his opinions with vivacity and eloquence. If an argument arose, no man ever argued better. He was clear, logical, and earnest, in supporting his own views; attentive, patient, and impartial

Note by Mrs. Shelley

while listening to those on the adverse side. Had not a wall of prejudice been raised at this time between him and his countrymen, how many would have sought the acquaintance of one whom to know was to love and to revere! How many of the more enlightened of his contemporaries have since regretted that they did not seek him! how very few knew his worth while he lived! and, of those few, several were withheld by timidity or envy from declaring their sense of it. But no man was ever more enthusiastically loved — more looked up to, as one superior to his fellows in intellectual endowments and moral worth, by the few who knew him well, and had sufficient nobleness of soul to appreciate his superiority. His excellence is now acknowledged; but, even while admitted, not duly appreciated. For who, except those who were acquainted with him, can imagine his unwearied benevolence, his generosity, his systematic forbearance? And still less is his vast superiority in intellectual attainments sufficiently understood — his sagacity, his clear understanding, his learning, his prodigious memory. All these, as displayed in conversation, were known to

Note by Mrs. Shelley

few while he lived, and are now silent in the tomb:

“Ahi orbo mondo ingrato !
Gran cagion hai di dover pianger meco,
Chè quel ben ch’ era in te perdut’ hai seco.”



Poems Written in 1819



Poems Written in 1819

Lines Written During the Cas-tlereagh Administration

I.



ORPSES are cold in the tomb ;
Stones on the pavement are
dumb ;
Abortions are dead in the womb,
And their mothers look pale — like the white
shore
Of Albion, free no more.

II.

Her sons are as stones in the way —
They are masses of senseless clay —

Poems Written in 1819

They are trodden, and move not away,—
The abortion with which she travaileth
Is Liberty, smitten to death.

III.

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor!
For thy victim is no redresser;
Thou art sole lord and possessor
Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions—
they pave
Thy path to the grave.

IV.

Hearest thou the festival din
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,
And Wealth crying *Havoc!* within?
'Tis the bacchanal triumph which makes
Truth dumb,
Thine epithalamium.

V.

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife!
Let Fear and Disquiet and Strife

Lines

Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life!
Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant! and God be thy
guide
To the bed of the bride!

The Birth of Pleasure



T the creation of the Earth
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of Heaven did
rise,

Wrapt in sweet wild melodies —
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Through Æolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Whence it rises soft and slow ;
Her life-breathing [limbs] did flow
In the harmony divine
Of an ever-lengthening line
Which enwrapt her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm.



Ode to the West Wind¹

I.



WILD West Wind, thou breath
of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence
the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter flee-
ing,

¹ This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

Ode to the West Wind

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and
low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, Oh hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's
commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven
and Ocean,

Poems Written in 1819

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou
dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh
hear !

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

Ode to the West Wind

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : Oh
hear !

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have
striven

Poems Written in 1819

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore
need.

Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and
bowed

One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and
proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling, like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
fierce,

My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new
birth !

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Ode to the West Wind

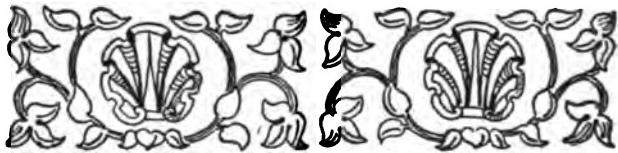
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

Fragment: “Wake the Serpent Not”



MAKE the serpent not — lest he
Should not know the way to
go, —
Let him crawl which yet lies
sleeping
Through the deep grass of the meadow !
Not a bee shall hear him creeping,
Not a May-fly shall awaken
From its cradling bluebell shaken,
Not the starlight as he's sliding
Through the grass with silent gliding.



Song to the Men of England

I.



EN of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and
care

The rich robes your tyrants wear?

II.

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat — nay, drink your blood?

III.

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,

Song to the Men of England

That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

IV.

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

V.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

VI.

Sow seed,— but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth,— let no impostor heap;
Weave robes,— let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, in your defence to bear.

VII.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;
In halls ye deck another dwells.

Poems Written in 1819

Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

VIII.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre.

To Mary Shelley



Y dearest Mary, wherefore hast
thou gone,
And left me in this dreary world
alone!

Thy form is here indeed — a lovely one —
But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,
That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode.
Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,

Where

For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.



Similes for Two Political Characters of 1819

I.



S from an ancestral oak
Two empty ravens sound their
clarion,
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,
When we scent the noonday smoke
Of fresh human carrion :—

II.

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly yew
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,
And the stars are none, or few :—

Poems Written in 1819

III.

As a shark and dogfish wait
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while —

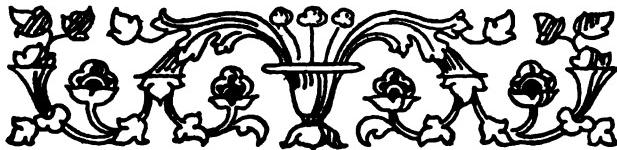
IV.

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,
Two scorpions under one wet stone.
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,
Two vipers tangled into one.

Fragment: To Italy



S the sunrise to the night,
As the north wind to the clouds,
As the earthquake's fiery flight,
Ruining mountain solitudes,
Everlasting Italy,
Be those hopes and fears on thee.



Variation of the Lyric to the Moon

(“Prometheus Unbound,” Act IV.)



S a violet’s gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it
beholds ;

As a gray and empty mist
Lies like solid amethyst
Over the western mountain it enfolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow ;

As a strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around
Until the voiceless wind be music too ;
As aught dark, vain, and dull,
Basking in what is beautiful,
Is full of light and love.

1819.



Fragment: Wine of Eglantine



AM drunk with the honey wine
Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,
Which fairies catch in hyacinth
bowls : —

The bats, the dormice, and the moles
Sleep in the walls or under the sward
Of the desolate Castle yard ;
And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth
Or its fumes arise among the dew,
Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,
They gibber their joy in sleep ; for few
Of the fairies bear those bowls so new !





A New National Anthem

I.



OD prosper, speed, and save,
God raise from England's
grave

Her murdered Queen !

Pave with swift victory
The steps of Liberty,
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen.

II.

See, she comes throned on high,
On swift Eternity !

God save the Queen !

Millions on millions wait
Firm, rapid, and elate,

Poems Written in 1819

On her majestic state !
God save the Queen !

III.

She is thine own pure soul
Moulding the mighty whole,—
God save the Queen !
She is thine own deep love
Rained down from heaven above,—
Wherever she rest or move,
God save our Queen !

IV.

Wilder her enemies
In their own dark disguise,—
God save our Queen !
All earthly things that dare
Her sacred name to bear,
Strip them, as kings are, bare ;
God save the Queen !

V.

Be her eternal throne
Built in our hearts alone —

A New National Anthem

God save the Queen!
Let the oppressor hold
Canopied seats of gold ;
She sits enthroned of old
O'er our hearts Queen.

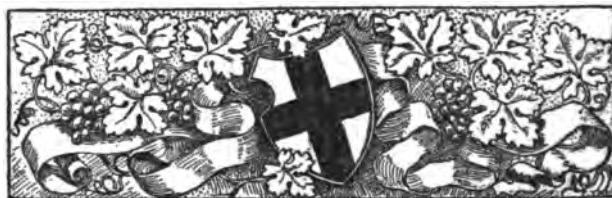
VI.

Lips touched by seraphim
Breathe out the choral hymn
“ God save the Queen ! ”
Sweet as if angels sang,
Loud as that trumpet's clang
Wakening the world's dead gang,—
God save the Queen !

Fragment: Rome and Nature



OME has fallen, ye see it
lying
Heaped in undistinguished ruin :
Nature is alone undying.



Sonnet: England in 1819



N old, mad, blind, despised, and
dying king,—
Princes, the dregs of their dull
race, who flow
Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy
spring,—
Rulers who never see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a
blow,—
A people starved and stabbed in the un-tilled
field,—
An army, which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and
slay ;

Sonnet: England in 1819

Religion Christless, Godless — a book sealed ;
A Senate, — Time's worst statute unre-pealed, —
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom
 may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

Fragment: Forebodings



S not to-day enough ? Why do I
 peer
Into the darkness of the day to
 come ?

Is not to-morrow even as yesterday ?
And will the day that follows change thy
 doom ?

Few flowers grow upon thy wintry way ;
And who waits for thee in that cheerless
 home

Whence thou hast fled, whither thou must
 return

Charged with the load that makes thee faint
 and mourn ?



An Ode: To the Assertors of Liberty



RISE, arise, arise !

There is blood on the earth that
denies ye bread ;

Be your wounds like eyes

To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.

What other grief were it just to pay ?

Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were
they ;

Who said they were slain on the battle day ?

Awaken, awaken, awaken !

The slave and the tyrant are twin-born
foes ;

Be the cold chains shaken

An Ode: To the Assertors of Liberty

To the dust where your kindred repose,
 repose:

Their bones in the grave will start and
 move,

When they hear the voices of those they
 love,

Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner!

When Freedom is riding to conquest by :

 Though the slaves that fan her

Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.

And ye who attend her imperial car,

Lift not your hands in the banded war,

But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,

To those who have greatly suffered and
 done !

Never name in story

Was greater than that which ye shall have
 won.

Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,

Poems Written in 1819

Whose revenge, pride, and power they have
overthrown :
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow
With crownals violet, ivy, and pine :
 Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet nature has made
 divine :
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity :
But let not the pansy among them be ;
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

To Mary Shelley



HE world is dreary,
 And I am weary
 Of wandering on without thee,
 Mary ;
A joy was erewhile
 In thy voice and thy smile,
And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too,
 Mary.

Cancelled Stanza



ATHER, O gather,
Foeman and friend in love and
peace !
Waves sleep together

When the blasts that called them to battle,
cease.

For fangless Power grown tame and mild
Is at play with Freedom's fearless child —
The dove and the serpent reconciled !

Fragment: Love's Atmosphere



HERE is a warm and gentle atmosphere
About the form of one we love,
and thus

As in a tender mist our spirits are
Wrapt in the of that which is to us
The health of life's own life.



Ode to Heaven

Chorus of Spirits

FIRST SPIRIT

A L A C E - R O O F of cloudless
nights !
Paradise of golden lights !
Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now, and which wert then
 Of the present and the past,
Of the eternal where and when,
 Presence-chamber, temple, home,
Ever-canopying dome,
 Of acts and ages yet to come !

Glorious shapes have life in thee,
Earth, and all earth's company ;

Ode to Heaven

Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses ;
And green worlds that glide along ;
And swift stars with flashing tresses ;
And icy moons most cold and bright,
And mighty suns beyond the night,
Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,
Heaven ! for thou art the abode
Of that power which is the glass
Wherein man his nature sees.

Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees.
Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away :
Thou remainest such alway.

SECOND SPIRIT

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,
Round which its young fancies clamber,
Like weak insects in a cave,
Lighted up by stalactites ;

Poems Written in 1819

But the portal of the grave,
Where a world of new delights
Will make thy best glories seem
But a dim and noonday gleam
From the shadow of a dream !

THIRD SPIRIT

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born !
What is heaven? and what are ye
Who its brief expanse inherit?
What are suns and spheres which flee
With the instinct of that spirit
Of which ye are but a part?
Drops which Nature's mighty heart
Drives through thinnest veins ! Depart !

What is heaven? a globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower whose young leaves
waken
On an unimagined world :
Constellated suns unshaken,

Ode to Heaven

Orbits measureless, are furled
In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

Fragment: “A Gentle Story of Two Lovers Young”



GENTLE story of two lovers
young,
Who met in innocence and died
in sorrow,
And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung
Like curses on them ; are ye slow to borrow
The lore of truth from such a tale ?
Or in this world's deserted vale,
Do ye not see a star of gladness
Pierce the shadows of its sadness,
When ye are cold, that love is a light
sent
From Heaven, which none shall quench, to
cheer the innocent ?



Fragment: Fellowship of Souls



AM as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts, and I
have felt
His feelings, and have thought
his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,
When all the pulses in their multitude
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
I have unlocked the golden melodies
Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,
And loosened them and bathed myself
therein —
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
Clothing his wings with lightning.



On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci in the Floren- tine Gallery

I.



T lieth, gazing on the midnight
sky,

Upon the cloudy mountain peak
supine ;

Below, far lands are seen tremblingly ;

Its horror and its beauty are divine.

Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie

Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,

Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,

The agonies of anguish and of death.

II.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace

Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone ;

Poems Written in 1819

Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace ;
 'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain.
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

III.

And from its head as from one body grow,
As grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and
 flow
 And their long tangles in each other lock,
And with unending involutions show
 Their mailed radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

IV.

And from a stone beside, a poisonous eft
Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes ;
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
 Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise

On the Medusa

Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,
And he comes hastening like a moth that
hies
After a taper; and the midnight sky
Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

v.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
Kindled by that inextricable error,
Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air
Become a and ever-shifting mirror
Of all the beauty and the terror there—
A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
Gazing in death on heaven from those wet
rocks.





Love's Philosophy

I.



HE Fountains mingle with
the River
And the Rivers with the
Ocean,

The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine ? —

II.

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,

*“What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?”*

(From Love’s Philosophy.)

1. *W*as *the* *re*
2. *W*as *the* *re*
3. *W*as *the* *re*





Love's Philosophy

And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me ?

Fragment: Song of the Furies

I.



HEN a lover clasps his fairest,
Then be our dread sport the
rarest.

Their caresses were like the chaff
In the tempest, and be our laugh
His despair — her epitaph !

II.

When a mother clasps her child,
Watch till dusky Death has piled
His cold ashes on the clay ;
She has loved it many a day —
She remains, — it fades away.



An Exhortation



HAMELEONS feed on light
and air :
Poets' food is love and fame :
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a day ?

Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea ;
Where light is, chameleons change :
Where love is not, poets do :
Fame is love disguised : if few

An Exhortation

Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind :
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are.
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh refuse the boon!

Fragment: Love the Universe



ND who feels discord now or sor-
row ?
Love is the universe to-day —
These are the slaves of dim to-
morrow,
Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.



The Indian Serenade

I.



ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing
low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how !
To thy chamber window, Sweet !

II.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
And the Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;

The Indian Serenade

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart ; —
As I must on thine,
O ! belovèd as thou art !

III.

Oh lift me from the grass !
I die ! I faint ! I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE INDIAN SERENADE

O pillow cold and wet with tears !
Thou breathest sleep no more !





To Sophia [Miss Stacy]

I.

 HOU art fair, and few are fairer
 Of the Nymphs of earth or
 ocean ;
 They are robes that fit the wearer —
 Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion
 Ever falls and shifts and glances
 As the life within them dances.

II.

Thy deep eyes, a double Planet,
 Gaze the wisest into madness
 With soft clear fire, — the winds that fan it
 Are those thoughts of tender gladness
 Which, like Zephyrs on the billow,
 Make thy gentle soul their pillow.

To Sophia

III.

If whatever face thou paintest
In those eyes grows pale with pleasure,
If the fainting soul is faintest
When it hears thy harp's wild measure,
Wonder not that when thou speakest
Of the weak my heart is weakest.

IV.

As dew beneath the wind of morning,
As the sea which Whirlwinds waken,
As the birds at thunder's warning,
As aught mute yet deeply shaken,
As one who feels an unseen spirit
Is my heart when thine is near it.





To William Shelley

(With what truth I may say —

Roma ! Roma ! Roma !

Non è più come era prima !)

I.



Y lost William, thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and did
That decaying robe consume
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb,
But beneath this pyramid
Thou art not — if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

II.

Where art thou, my gentle child ?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,

To William Shelley

With its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild ; —
Let me think that through low seeds
Of sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion —

Fragment: Reminiscence
and Desire



S it that in some brighter sphere
We part from friends we meet
with here ?
Or do we see the Future pass
Over the Present's dusky glass ?
Or what is that that makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart ?

Fragment: “Follow to the Deep Wood’s Weeds”



FOLLOW to the deep wood's
weeds,
Follow to the wild briar
dingle,
Where we seek to intermingle,
And the violet tells her tale
To the odour-scented gale,
For they two have enough to do
Of such work as I and you.

Fragment: Rain and Wind



THE fitful alternations of the rain,
When the chill wind, languid as
with pain
Of its own heavy moisture, here
and there
Drives through the gray and beamless atmos-
phere.

Fragment: Visitations of Calm Thoughts



E gentle visitations of calm thought—
Moods like the memories of happier earth,
Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,
Like stars in clouds by the weak winds en-wrought,
But that the clouds depart and stars remain,
While they remain, and ye, alas, depart !

To William Shelley



HY little footsteps on the sands
Of a remote and lonely shore ;
The twinkling of thine infant hands,

Where now the worm will feed no more :
Thy mingled look of love and glee
When we returned to gaze on thee.

Fragment: The Tomb of Memory

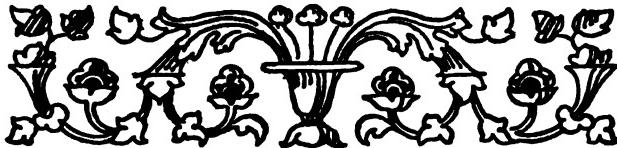


ND where is truth? On tombs?
for such to thee
Has been my heart—and thy
dead memory
Has lain from childhood, many a changeful
year—
Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

Fragment: Poetry and Music



OW sweet it is to sit and read the
tales
Of mighty poets and to hear
the while
Sweet music, which when the attention fails
Fills the dim pause—



Cancelled Stanza of the Mask of Anarchy

(For which Stanzas lxviii., lxix. have been substituted)



ROM the cities where from caves,
Like the dead from putrid graves,
Troops of starvelings gliding come,
Living Tenants of a tomb.

Fragment: A Tale Untold



NE sung of thee who left the tale
untold,
Like the false dawns which per-
ish in the bursting ;
Like empty cups of wrought and dædal gold,
Which mock the lips with air, when they are
thirsting.



Fragment: A Roman's Chamber

I.



N the cave which wild weeds cover
Wait for thine ethereal lover ;
For the pallid moon is waning,
O'er the spiral cypress hanging,
And the moon no cloud is staining.

II.

It was once a Roman's chamber,
Where he kept his darkest revels,
And the wild weeds twine and clamber ;
It was then a chasm for devils.





Note by Mrs. Shelley

SHELLEY loved the people; and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate their circumstances and wrongs. He wrote a few; but, in those days of prosecution for libel, they could not be printed. They are not among the best of his productions, a writer being always shackled when he endeavours to write down to the comprehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style; but they show his earnestness, and

Note by Mrs. Shelley

with what heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury — that oppression is detestable as being the parent of starvation, nakedness, and ignorance. Besides these outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph: such is the scope of the “Ode to the Asserters of Liberty.” He sketched also a new version of our national anthem, as addressed to Liberty.



Poems Written in 1820



Poems Written in 1820

The Sensitive Plant

PART FIRST



SENSITIVE Plant in a garden
grew,
And the young winds fed it with
silver dew,

And it opened its fanlike leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark
breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

Poems Written in 1820

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet
want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour,
sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instru-
ment.

Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so
pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

The Sensitive Plant

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her flowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wandlike lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blos-
som,

Poems Written in 1820

With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and
dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and
across,

Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped
too

Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes

The Sensitive Plant

Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded
them,

As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love made
dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmos-
phere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small
fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the
root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the
giver,

Poems Written in 1820

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings ;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

The Sensitive Plant

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven
above,

And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all
love,

And delight, tho' less bright, was far more
deep,

And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects
were drowned

In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, tho' they ever im-
press

The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might
fail,

Poems Written in 1820

And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive
Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART SECOND

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and
motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,

The Sensitive Plant

Like the lamps of the air when night walks
forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the
Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from
her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Para-
dise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were
awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Tho' the veil of daylight concealed him from
her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

Poems Written in 1820

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Eras'd its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

The Sensitive Plant

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths
that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not,
did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and
dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown — she
died !

Poems Written in 1820

PART THIRD

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiae, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the
grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful
tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for
groan.

The Sensitive Plant

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its
soul,

Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and
bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and
wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

Poems Written in 1820

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and
red,
And white with the whiteness of what is
dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past ;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingèd seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's
stem
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken
stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin ; and all sweet flowers.

The Sensitive Plant

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many
 a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's
 back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock
 dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels
 loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpos, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and mould
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Poems Written in 1820

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

The Sensitive Plant

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip :
One choppy finger was on his lip :
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne,
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living
death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want :

Poems Written in 1820

The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air
And were caught in the branches naked and
bare.

First there came down a thawing rain
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and
stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks,
and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat

The Sensitive Plant

Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never past away :
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ; not they.

Poems Written in 1820

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.





Fiordispina



HE season was the childhood of
sweet June,
Whose sunny hours from morning
until noon

Went creeping through the day with silent feet,
Each with its load of pleasure, slow yet sweet ;
Like the long years of blest Eternity
Never to be developed. Joy to thee,
Fiordispina and thy Cosimo,
For thou the wonders of the depth canst know
Of this unfathomable flood of hours,
Sparkling beneath the heaven which em-
bowers —

•
They were two cousins, almost like to twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins

Poems Written in 1820

Nature had raised their love— which could
not be
But by dissevering their nativity.
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and
showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
Which the same hand will gather—the same
clime
Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
All those who love—and who e'er loved like
thee,
Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,
Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
The ardours of a vision which obscure
The very idol of its portraiture.
He faints, dissolved into a sea of love;
But thou art as a planet spher'd above;
But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion
Of his subjected spirit: such emotion
Must end in sin and sorrow, if sweet May
Had not brought forth this morn—your wed-
ding-day.

Fiordispina

Lie there; sleep awhile in your own dew,
Ye faint-eyed children of the Hours,
Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers
Which she had from the breathing —

— A table near of polished porphyry.
They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye
That looked on them — a fragrance from the
touch
Whose warmth checked their life; a
light such
As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,
which did reprove
The childish pity that she felt for them,
And a remorse that from their stem
She had divided such fair shapes made
A feeling in the which was a shade
Of gentle beauty on the flowers: there lay
All gems that make the earth's dark bosom gay.
rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,
And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes
The livery of unremembered snow —
Violets whose eyes have drunk —

Poems Written in 1820

Fiordispina and her nurse are now
Upon the steps of the high portico ;
Under the withered arm of Media
She flings her glowing arm

step by step and stair by stair,
That withered woman, gray and white and
brown —
More like a trunk by lichens overgrown
Than anything which once could have been
human.

And ever as she goes the palsied woman

“ How slow and painfully you seem to walk,
Poor Media ! you tire yourself with talk.”

“ And well it may,
Fiordispina, dearest — well-a-day !
You are hastening to a marriage-bed ;
I to the grave ! ” — “ And if my love were
dead,
Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie
Beside him in my shroud as willingly

Fiordispina

As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought.”
“ Fie, child ! Let that unseasonable thought
Not be remembered till it snows in June ;
Such fancies are a music out of tune
With the sweet dance your heart must keep
to-night.

What ! would you take all beauty and delight
Back to the Paradise from which you sprung,
And leave to grosser mortals ? —
And say, sweet lamb, would you not learn the
sweet
And subtle mystery by which spirits meet ?
Who knows whether the loving game is played,
When, once of mortal [vesture] disarrayed,
The naked soul goes wandering here and there
Through the wide deserts of Elysian air ?
The violet dies not till it ” —





Orpheus

A



OT far from hence. From yonder
pointed hill,
Crowned with a ring of oaks, you
may behold
A dark and barren field, through which there
flows,
Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,
Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon
Gazes in vain, and finds no mirror there.
Follow the herbless banks of that strange
brook
Until you pause beside a darksome pond,
The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush
Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night
That lives beneath the overhanging rock

Orpheus

That shades the pool — an endless spring of
gloom,

Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,
Trembling to mingle with its paramour, —
But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,
Or, with most sullen and regardless hate,
Refuses stern her heaven-born embrace.

On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill
There is a cave, from which there eddies up
A pale mist, like aerial gossamer,
Whose breath destroys all life — awhile it veils
.The rock — then, scattered by the wind, it
flies

Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,
Killing the sleepy worms, if aught bide there.
Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock
There stands a group of cypresses ; not such
As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,
Pierce the pure heaven of your native vale,
Whose branches the air plays among, but not
Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace ;
But blasted and all wearily they stand,
One to another clinging ; their weak boughs

Poems Written in 1820

Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they
shake
Beneath its blasts — a weather-beaten crew !

CHORUS

What wondrous sound is that, mournful and
faint,
But more melodious than the murmuring wind
Which through the columns of a temple
glides ?

A

It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,
Borne by the winds, who sigh that their rude
king
Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes ;
But in their speed they bear along with them
The waning sound, scattering it like dew
Upon the startled sense.

CHORUS

Does he still sing ?
Methought he rashly cast away his harp
When he had lost Eurydice.

*"Then he struck from forth the strings,
A sound of deep and fearful melody."*

(From Orpheus.)

Written in 1820

Wind scatters them, and the

water - a wretched beaten crew!

CUCKOOS

How sweet is that, mournful and

melancholy

sound, which the murmuring wind
brings from the galleries of a temple

A

The cuckoo's voice of joy, heus! here,

comes from the woods, where I find that their rude
nesting-ground

is filled with the soft feeding notes;

the mother spied them far along with them

in the sound, seeking the dew

and sheltered corners.

COTTONS

Does he sing?

Or has he readily cast away his deep

and hoarse voice,

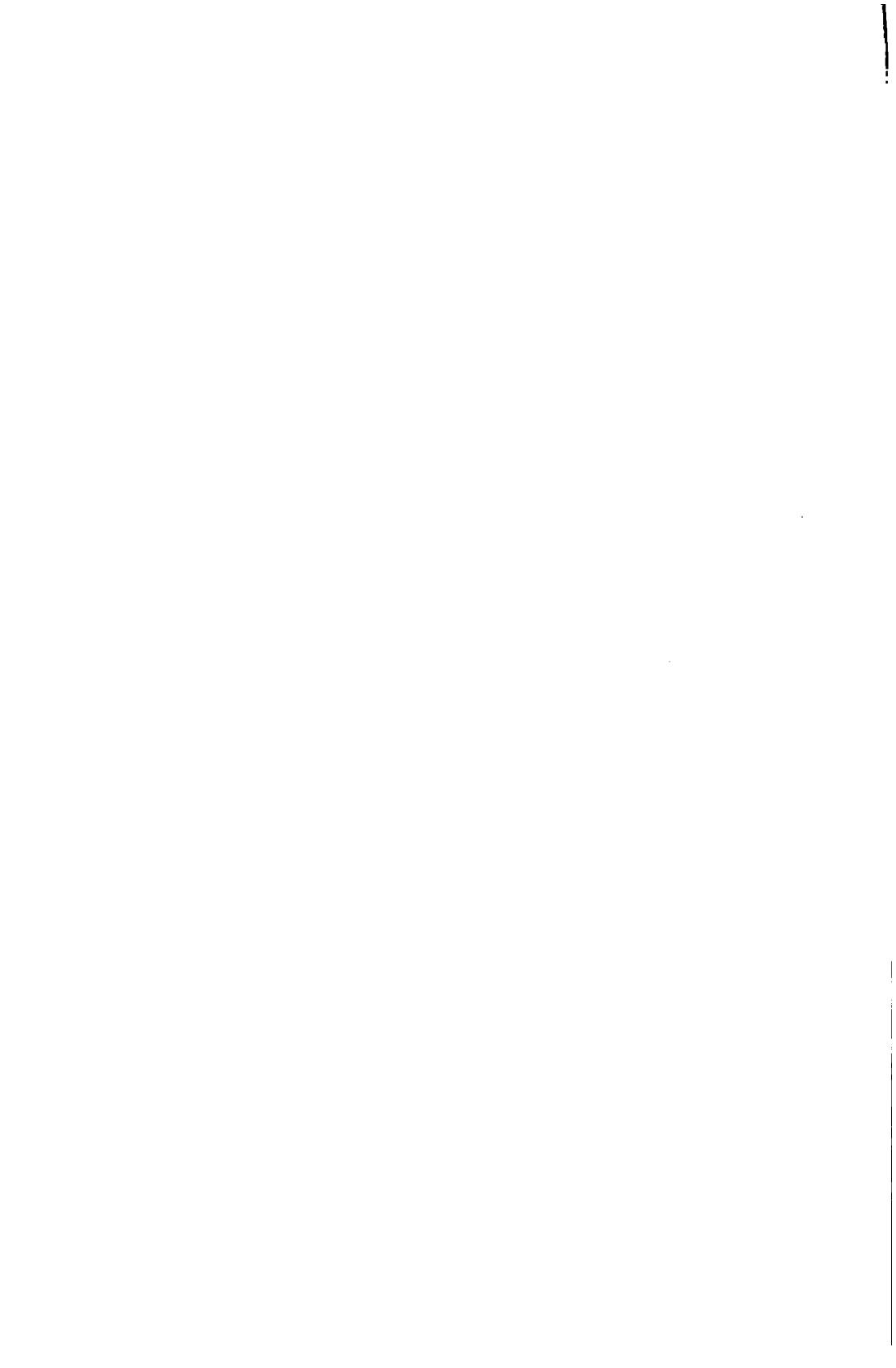
180

When the birds sing or wail and weep?

"A melancholy sound they have,"

and "they are ill."





Orpheus

A

Ah no !

Awhile he paused. As a poor hunted stag
A moment shudders on the fearful brink
Of a swift stream — the cruel hounds press on
With deafening yell, the arrows glance and
wound, —

He plunges in : so Orpheus, seized and torn
By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,
Mænad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,
And wildly shrieked “ Where she is, it is
dark ! ”

And then he struck from forth the strings a
sound

Of deep and fearful melody. Alas !
In times long past, when fair Eurydice
With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,
He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.
As in a brook, fretted with little waves,
By the light airs of spring — each ripplet makes
A many-sided mirror for the sun,
While it flows musically through green banks,

Poems Written in 1820

Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,
So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy
And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,
The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food.
But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,
He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone,
Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.
Then from the deep and overflowing spring
Of his eternal ever-moving grief
There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.
'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts
Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,
And casts itself with horrid roar and din
Adown a steep; from a perennial source
It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air
With loud and fierce, but most harmonious
roar,
And as it falls casts up a vapourous spray
Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light.
Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying
words
Of poesy. Unlike all human works,

Orpheus

It never slackens, and through every change
Wisdom and beauty and the power divine
Of mighty poesy together dwell,
Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
A fierce south blast tear through the darkened
sky,
Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the
stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the
plumes.
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not
Of song; but would I echo his high song,
Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,
Or I must borrow from her perfect works,
To picture forth his perfect attributes.
He does no longer sit upon his throne

Poems Written in 1820

Of rock upon a desert herbless plain,
For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,
And cypresses that seldom wave their boughs,
And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,
And elms dragging along the twisted vines,
Which drop their berries as they follow fast,
And blackthorn bushes with their infant race
Of blushing rose blooms ; beeches, to lovers
dear,
And weeping willow-trees ; all swift or slow,
As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit,
Have circled in his throne, and Earth herself
Has sent from her maternal breast a growth
Of starlike flowers and herbs of odour sweet,
To pave the temple that his poesy
Has framed, while near his feet grim lions
couch,
And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair.
Even the blind worms seem to feel the sound.
The birds are silent, hanging down their heads,
Perched on the lowest branches of the tree ;
Not even the nightingale intrudes a note
In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.



Fragment of a Satire on Satire



F gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains,
And racks of subtle torture, if the
pains
Of shame, of fiery Hell's tempe-
tuous wave,
Seen through the caverns of the shadowy grave,
Hurling the damned into the murky air
While the meek blest sit smiling ; if Despair
And Hate, the rapid bloodhounds with which
Terror
Hunts through the world the homeless steps
of Error,
Are the true secrets of the commonweal
To make men wise and just ; . . .
And not the sophisms of revenge and fear,
Bloodier than is revenge . . .

Poems Written in 1820

Then send the priests to every hearth and home

To preach the burning wrath which is to come,
In words like flakes of sulphur, such as thaw
The frozen tears . . .

If Satire's scourge could wake the slumbering hounds

Of Conscience, or erase the deeper wounds,
The leprous scars of callous infamy ;
If it could make the present not to be,
Or charm the dark past never to have been,
Or turn regret to hope ; who that has seen
What Southey is and was, would not exclaim,
Lash on ! be the keen verse dipped in flame ;

Follow his flight with winged words, and urge
The strokes of the inexorable scourge
Until the heart be naked, till his soul
See the contagion's spots foul ;
And from the mirror of Truth's sunlike shield,
From which his Parthian arrow . . .
Flash on his sight the spectres of the past,
Until his mind's eye paint thereon —

Fragment of a Satire on Satire

Let scorn like yawn below,
And rain on him like flakes of fiery snow.
This cannot be, it ought not, evil still —
Suffering makes suffering, ill must follow ill.
Rough words beget sad thoughts, and,
beside,
Men take a sullen and a stupid pride
In being all they hate in others' shame,
By a perverse antipathy of fame.
'Tis not worth while to prove, as I could, how
From the sweet fountains of our Nature flow
These bitter waters ; I will only say,
If any friend would take Southey some day,
And tell him, in a country walk alone,
Softening harsh words with friendship's gentle
tone,
How incorrect his public conduct is,
And what men think of it, 'twere not amiss.
Far better than to make innocent ink —





Good Night

I.



GOOD night? ah! no; the hour is
ill
Which severs those it should
unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

II.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood—
Then it will be—*good* night.

III.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never *say* good night.



Buona Notte

I.

 BUONA notte, buona notte! —
 Come mai
 La notte sarà buona senza te?
 Non dirmi buona notte, chè tu
 sai,
 La notte sà star buona da per sè.

II.

Solinga, scura, cupa, senza speme,
 La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona ;
 Pei cuori chi si batton insieme
 Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona.

III.

Come male buona notte si suona
 Con sospiri e parole interrotte ! —
 Il modo di aver la notte buona
 E mai non di dir la buona notte.



The Question

I.



DREAMED that, as I wandered
by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was
changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest
in dream.

II.

There grew pied windflowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearléd Arcturi of the earth,

The Question

The constellated flower that never sets ;
Faint oxslips ; tender bluebells, at whose
birth
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower
that wets —
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth —
Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it
hears.

III.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured
May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose
wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the
day ;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering
astray ;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with
gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

Poems Written in 1820

IV.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt
with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery
light ;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

V.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural
bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,— and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it ! — oh ! to whom !



The Two Spirits: An Allegory

FIRST SPIRIT



THOU, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth,
beware !

A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
Night is coming !
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there—
Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT

The deathless stars are bright above ;
If I would cross the shade of night,

Poems Written in 1820

Within my heart is the lamp of love,
And that is day !
And the moon will smile with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move ;
The meteors will linger round my flight,
And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain ;
See, the bounds of the air are shaken —
Night is coming !
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the
plain —
Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT

I see the light, and I hear the sound ;
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day :

The Two Spirits: An Allegory

And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,
My moon-like flight thou then may'st mark
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
'Mid Alpine mountains;
And that the languid storm pursuing
That wingèd shape, for ever flies
Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aëry fountains.

Some say when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
Which make night day:
And a silver shape like his early love doth
pass
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.



To the Moon

I.



ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on
the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

II.

Thou chosen sister of the spirit,
That gazes on thee till in thee it pities . . .





Fragment: “Alas! This Is Not What I Thought Life Was”¹



LAS! this is not what I thought
life was.

I knew that there were crimes and
evil men,

Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass
Untouched by suffering, through the rugged
glen.

In mine own heart I saw as in a glass
The hearts of others And when
I went among my kind, with triple brass
Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,
To bear scorn, fear, and hate, a woful mass!

¹ Perhaps in continuation of the first poem on page 278, and so forming a sonnet.—ED.



A Vision of the Sea



IS the terror of tempest. The
rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within
the fierce gale:
From the stark night of vapours the dim rain
is driven,
And when lightning is loosed, like a deluge
from heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the waterspouts
spin,
And bend, as if heaven was ruining in,
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible
mass
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them : they
pass
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake
of sound,

A Vision of the Sea

And the waves and the thunders made silent
around

Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now
tossed

Through the low-trailing rack of the tempest,
is lost

In the skirts of the thunder-cloud : now down
the sweep

Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the
deep

It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by
the gale,

Dim mirrors of ruin hang gleaming about ;
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a
rout

Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing
iron

With splendour and terror the black ship en-
viron,

Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of
pale fire

In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire

Poems Written in 1820

The pyramid-billows with white points of brine
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.
The great ship seems splitting ! it cracks as a
tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere
the blast
Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches
has past.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining
from heaven
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black
and riven.
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead
hulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering
to fold
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from
the hold,
One deck is burst up by the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes
blow

A Vision of the Sea

O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sit on the
other?

Is that all the crew that lie burying each
other,

Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast?
Are those

Twin tigers, who burst, when the waters
arose,

In the agony of terror, their chains in the
hold;

(What now makes them tame is what then
made them bold;)

Who crouch, side by side, and have driven,
like a crank,

The deep grip of their claws through the
vibrating plank.

Are these all? Nine weeks the tall vessel had
lain

On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow
at noon,

And there seemed to be fire in the beams of
the moon,

Poems Written in 1820

Till a lead-coloured fog gathered up from the
deep
Whose breath was quick pestilence ; then, the
cold sleep
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick
field of corn,
O'er the populous vessel. And even and
morn,
With their hammocks for coffins the seamen
aghast
Like dead men the dead limbs of their com-
rades cast
Down the deep, which closed on them above
and around,
And the sharks and the dogfish their grave-
clothes unbound,
And were glutted like Jews with this manna
rained down
From God on their wilderness. One after
one
The mariners died ; on the eve of this day,
When the tempest was gathering in cloudy
array,

A Vision of the Sea

But seven remained. Six the thunder has smitten,

And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written

His scorn of the embalmer; the seventh, from the deck

An oak-splinter pierced through his breast and his back,

And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.

No more? At the helm sits a woman more fair Than heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided hair,

It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea. She clasps a bright child on her up-gathered knee,

It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder

Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder

It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near, It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear

Poems Written in 1820

Is outshining the meteors ; its bosom beats high,
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its
eye ;

While its mother's is lustreless. "Smile not,
my child,

But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,
So dreadful since thou must divide it with
me !

Dream, sleep ! This pale bosom, thy cradle
and bed,

Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating
with dread !

Alas ! what is life, what is death, what are we,
That when the ship sinks we no longer may
be ?

What ! to see thee no more, and to feel thee
no more ?

To be after life what we have been before ?
Not to touch those sweet hands ? Not to look
on those eyes,

Those lips, and that hair, all the smiling dis-
guise

A Vision of the Sea

Thou yet wearest, sweet spirit, which I, day
by day,
Have so long called my child, but which now
fades away
Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?"
Lo ! the ship
Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip ;
The tigers leap up when they feel the slow
brine
Crawling inch by inch on them, hair, ears,
limbs, and eyne,
Stand rigid with horror ; a loud, long, hoarse
cry
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously,
And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of
the wave,
Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,
Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,
Hurried on by the might of the hurricane :
The hurricane came from the west, and past on
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm ;
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form

Poems Written in 1820

Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of
the waste.

Black as a cormorant the screaming blast,
Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past,
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the
world

Which, based on the sea and to heaven up-
curled,

Like columns and walls did surround and
sustain

The dome of the tempest; it rent them in
twain,

As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous
crag :

And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,
Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has
past,

Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are
cast;

They are scattered like foam on the torrent;
and where

The wind has burst out from the chasm, from
the air

A Vision of the Sea

Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise
flow in,
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,
Banded armies of light and of air ; at one gate
They encounter, but interpenetrate.
And that breach in the tempest is widening
away,
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary
wings
Lulled by the motion and murmurings,
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea,
And overhead glorious, but dreadful to see,
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of
gold,
Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves
behold
The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,
And, like passions made still by the presence
of Love,
Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide
Tremulous with soft influence ; extending its
tide

Poems Written in 1820

From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and
 isle,

Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with
 heaven's azure smile,

The wide world of waters is vibrating.
 Where

Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where
 it lay

One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke
 of the battle

Stain the clear air with sunbows; the jar, and
 the rattle

Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress
Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness;
And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and
 rains

Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the
 veins,

Swollen with rage, strength, and effort; the
 whirl and the splash

As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth
 smash

A Vision of the Sea

The thin winds and soft waves into thunder ;
the screams

And hissing crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean
streams,

Each sound like a centipede. Near this com-
motion,

A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
The fin-wingèd tomb of the victor. The other
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother,
To his own with the speed of despair. Lo ! a
boat

Advances ; twelve rowers with the impulse of
thought

Urge on the keen keel, the brine foams. At
the stern

Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets
burn

In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him
on

To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,
'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost
gone,

Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.

Poems Written in 1820

With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,
With her right she sustains her fair infant.
 Death, Fear,
Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere;
Which trembles and burns with the fervour
 of dread
Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and
 her head,
Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her
child
Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring;
 so smiled
The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister
 and brother
The child and the ocean still smile on each
 other,
Whilst —





The Cloud



BRING fresh showers for the
thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the stream ;
I bear light shade for the leaves
when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Poems Written in 1820

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,

The Cloud

When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit
sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,

Poems Written in 1820

Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on
 high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
 swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my
 chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

The Cloud

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and
shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from
the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.



1960-1961
1961-1962





To a Skylark



AIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near
it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"
(From To a Skylark.)

1. *W*hat is the *best* way
to *teach* *reading*?
2. *W*hat is the *best* way
to *teach* *writing*?

Teaching Reading

There are many ways to teach reading. Some are good; others are not so good.

One good way is to teach children to read by having them learn to read words.

Another good way is to teach children to read by having them learn to read stories.

Importance of Words

Learning to read words is important because it helps children learn to read stories.

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To a Skylark

Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

Poems Written in 1820

What thou art we know not;

What is most like thee?

From rainbow clouds there flow not

Drops so bright to see,

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden

In the light of thought,

Singing hymns unbidden,

Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded

not :

Like a high-born maiden

In a palace-tower,

Soothing her love-laden

Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her

bower :

Like a glowworm golden

In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbehilden

Its aerial hue

To a Skylark

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth
surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so
divine.

Poems Written in 1820

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance
of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep

To a Skylark

Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of sad-
dest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come
near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
ground!

Poems Written in 1820

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now.

Cancelled Passage



HEIR moss rotted off them, flake
by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a
murderer's stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.



Ode to Liberty

“ Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.”

BYRON.

I.



GLORIOUS people vibrated
again
The lightning of the nations :
Liberty

From heart to heart, from tower to tower o'er
Spain,

Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its
dismay,

And, in the rapid plumes of song,
Clothed itself, sublime and strong ;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds
among,
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey ;

Poems Written in 1820

Till from its station in the heaven of fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
 As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there
 came
A voice out of the deep : I will record the
 same.

II.

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth :
 The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
 That island in the ocean of the world,
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air :
 But this divinest universe
 Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not : but power from worst pro-
 ducing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
 And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
 Within them, raging without truce or
 terms :

Ode to Liberty

The bosom of their violated nurse
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and
 worms on worms,
And men on men ; each heart was as a hell
 of storms.

III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
 His generations under the pavilion
Of the Sun's throne : palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming
 million,
Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
 This human living multitude
 Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not ; but o'er the populous soli-
 tude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of
 waves
 Hung Tyranny ; beneath, sate deified
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves ;
 Into the shadow of her pinions wide
Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and
 blood,

Poems Written in 1820

Till with the stain their inmost souls are
dyed,
Drove the astonished herds of men from
every side.

IV.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles
And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous
waves
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring heaven : from their enchanted
caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
On the unapprehensive wild
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled ;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the
sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the in-
fant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many
a vein
Of Parian stone ; and yet a speechless child,

Ode to Liberty

Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the
Ægean main

v.

Athens arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver
towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the
will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal
dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest
oracle.

Poems Written in 1820

VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away !
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Through the caverns of the past ;
Religion veils her eyes ; Oppression shrinks
aghast :
A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and
wonder,
Which soars where Expectation never
flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder !
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams,
and dew ;
One sun illuminates heaven ; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever
new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight
renew.

Ode to Liberty

VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom
fairest,

Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,¹
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy
dearest

From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.

But when tears stained thy robe of vestal
whiteness,

And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd light-
ness,

The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone
Slaves of one tyrant : Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to dis-
own.

¹ See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

Poems Written in 1820

VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
Or utmost islet inaccessible,
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert
rocks,
And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
To talk in echoes sad and stern,
Of that sublimest lore which man had dared
unlearn?
For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the
Druid's sleep.
What if the tears rained through thy shat-
tered locks
Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan,
not weep
When from its sea of death to kill and burn,
The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
And made thy world an undistinguishable
heap.

Ode to Liberty

ix.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?

And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:

And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,

Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;

That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,

Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb

Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

Poems Written in 1820

x.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon ! thou
terror

Of the world's wolves ! thou bearer of the
quiver,

Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd
Error,

As light may pierce the clouds when they
dissever

In the calm regions of the orient day !

Luther caught thy wakening glance,

Like lightning, from his leaden lance

Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance

In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay ;

And England's prophets hailed thee as
their queen,

In songs whose music cannot pass away,

Though it must flow for ever : not unseen
Before the spirit-sighted countenance

Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected
mien.

Ode to Liberty

xi.

The eager hours and unreluctant years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,
And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
Answered Pity from her cave;
Death grew pale within the grave,
And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows: as if day had cloven the
skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar
eyes.

xii.

Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pall
thee then,
In ominous eclipse? a thousand years

Poems Written in 1820

Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away ;
How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage,
stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's
mitred brood !
When one, like them, but mightier far than
they,
The Anarch of thine own bewildered
powers
Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the
sacred bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their
ancestral towers.

XIII.

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling
thunder

Ode to Liberty

Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder :
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
 From Pithecusa to Pelorus
 Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus :
They cry, Be dim ; ye lamps of heaven sus-
 pended o'er us.
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but
 smile
 And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links
 of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
 Twins of a single destiny ! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us,
 In the dim West; impress us from a
 seal,
All ye have thought and done ! Time can-
 not dare conceal.

xiv.

Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's
staff,

Poems Written in 1820

His soul may stream over the tyrant's head ;
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.

Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world ! thou flowery wilder-
ness !

Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine
Where desolation clothed with loveliness
Worships the thing thou wert ! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart ; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred
palaces.

xv.

Oh, that the free would stamp the impious
name
Of KING into the dust ! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind !

Ye the oracle have heard :

Ode to Liberty

Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian
word,
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
 Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind ;
 The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and ab-
horred ;
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant
 worm.

xvi.

Oh, that the wise from their bright minds
 would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim
 world,
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink
 and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure ;
 Till human thoughts might kneel alone
 Each before the judgment-throne

Poems Written in 1820

Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown !
Oh, that the words which make the thoughts obscure
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,
Were stript of their thin masks and various hue
And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due !

xvii.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave
Crowned him the King of Life. Oh, vain endeavour !
If on his own high will a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.

Ode to Liberty

What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within
the seed ?
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress
her,
And cries : Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth ? if Life can breed
New wants, and wealth from those who toil
and groan,
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold
for one.

XVIII.

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost
cave
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame ;
Comes she not, and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,

Poems Written in 1820

To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?

Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame

Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?

O Liberty! if such could be thy name

Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee:

If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought

By blood or tears, have not the wise and free

Wept tears, and blood like tears? The solemn harmony

xix.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing

To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;

Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging

Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,

Sinks headlong through the aërial golden light

On the heavy sounding plain,

When the bolt has pierced its brain;

Ode to Liberty

As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of
their rain;

As a far taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far
away

Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery way
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tem-
pestuous play.

Fragment: Weariness



Y head is heavy, my limbs are
weary,
And it is not life that makes me
move.



Cancelled Passage of the Ode to Liberty



WITHIN a cavern of man's trackless spirit
Is throned an Image, so intensely fair
That the adventurous thoughts that wander
near it
Worship, and as they kneel tremble and
wear
The splendour of its presence, and the light
Penetrates their dreamlike frame
Till they become charged with the strength
of flame.





Fragment: The Deserts of Sleep



WENT into the deserts of dim sleep —
That world which, like an unknown wilderness,
Bounds this with its recesses wide and deep.

Fragment: Consequence

The viewless and invisible Consequence
Watches thy goings-out and comings-in,
And . . . hovers o'er thy guilty sleep,
Unveiling every new-born deed, and thoughts
More ghastly than those deeds.



Arethusa

I.



RETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian moun-
tains, —
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams ; —
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams :

Arethusa

And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

II.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains shook
And opened a chasm
In the rocks ; — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were

Poems Written in 1820

Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III.

“ Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!”
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depths stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream:—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing

Arethusa

A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones ;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light ;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night :—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the swordfish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts
They past to their Dorian home.

Poems Written in 1820

v.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill ;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel ;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore ; —
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.



Song of Proserpine

While Gathering Flowers on the Plain
of Enna

I.

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal
bosom,
Gods, and men, and beasts have
birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

II.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers

Poems Written in 1820

Till they grow, in scent and hue,
Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

To —

I.



FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

II.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.



Hymn of Apollo

I.



HE sleepless Hours, who watch
me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tap-
estries,
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim
eyes, —
Waken me when their Mother, the gray
Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is
gone.

II.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue
dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,

Poems Written in 1820

Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam ;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the
caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the
air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

III.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I
kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the
day ;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new
might,
Until diminished by the reign of night.

IV.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the
flowers
With their ethereal colours ; the Moon's
globe

Hymn of Apollo

And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may
shine,
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

v.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief that I depart they weep and
frown :
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western
isle ?

VI.

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of art or nature ; — to my song,
Victory and praise in their own right belong.



Hymn of Pan

I.



ROM the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was
Listening to my sweet pipings.

II.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing

Hymn of Pan

The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

III.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven — and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth, —
And then I changed my pipings, —
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasp'd a reed :
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.



The World's Wanderers

I.



ELL me, thou star, whose wings
of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

II.

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

III.

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?



Autumn: A Dirge

I.



THE warm sun is failing, the bleak
wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the
pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of
leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array ;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepul-
chre.

Poems Written in 1820

II.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is
crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year ;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards
each gone
To his dwelling ;
Come, months, come away ;
Put on white, black, and gray ;
Let your light sisters play —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Fragment: A Face

His face was like a snake's — wrinkled and
loose
And withered.



Death

I.

DEATH is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death—and we are death.

II.

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear,

• • • • • • •

III.

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

Poems Written in 1820

IV.

All things that we love and cherish
Like ourselves must fade and perish,
Such is our rude mortal lot—
Love itself would, did they not.

The Waning Moon



ND like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky east,
A white and shapeless mass.



Lines to a Reviewer



LAS, good friend, what profit can
you see
In hating such a hateless thing as
me ?

There is no sport in hate when all the rage
Is on one side : in vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks to beguile
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.
Oh ! conquer what you cannot satiate ;
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter noon. Of your antipathy,
If I am the Narcissus, you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.



Ode to Naples¹

EPODE I. a



STOOD within the city disin-
tered ;^{*}
And heard the autumnal leaves
like light footfalls

Of spirits passing through the streets ; and
heard

The Mountain's slumberous voice at inter-
vals

Thrill through those roofless halls :

¹ The author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiae with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a constitutional government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory epodes which depicture these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.

^{*} Pompeii.

Ode to Naples

The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood ;
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke —
I felt, but heard not : — through white
columns glowed
The isle-sustaining Ocean-flood,
A plane of light between two Heavens of
azure :
Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;
But every living lineament was clear
As in the sculptor's thought ; and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and
pine,
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded
snow,
Seemed only not to move and grow
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weighed on their life ; even as the Power
divine
Which then lulled all things, brooded upon
mine.

Poems Written in 1820

EPODE II. a

Then gentle winds arose
With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain-odour
keen ;
And where the Baian ocean
Welters with airlike motion,
Within, above, around its bowers of starry
green,
Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves
Even as the ever stormless atmosphere
Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
It bore me like an Angel, o'er the waves
Of sunlight, whose swift pinnace of dewy
air
No storm can overwhelm ;
I sailed, where ever flows
Under the calm Serene
A spirit of deep emotion
From the unknown graves
Of the dead kings of Melody.¹

¹ Homer and Virgil.

Ode to Naples

Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
The horizontal ether ; heaven stript bare
Its depths over Elysium, where the prow
Made the invisible water white as snow ;
From that Typhæan mount, Inarime,
There streamed a sunlight vapour, like the
standard
Of some ethereal host ;
Whilst from all the coast,
Louder and louder, gathering round, there
wandered
Over the oracular woods and divine sea
Prophesying which grew articulate —
They seize me — I must speak them — be they
fate !

STROPHE a I

Naples ! thou Heart of men which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven !
Elysian City which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea : they round thee,
even
As sleep round Love, are driven !
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise

Poems Written in 1820

Long lost, late won, and yet but half re-gained !

Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
To Love, the flower-enchanted !

Thou which wert once, and then didst cease
to be,

Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,
Hail, hail, all hail !

STROPHE β 2

Thou youngest giant birth
Which from the groaning earth
Leap'st, clothed in armour of impenetrable scale!
Last of the Intercessors !
Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors
Pleadest before God's love ! Arrayed in Wis-dom's mail,
Wave thy lightning lance in mirth
Nor let thy high heart fail,
Though from their hundred gates the leagued
Oppressors,

Ode to Naples

With hurried legions move !
Hail, hail, all hail !

ANTISTROPHE a

What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blasphemē

Freedom and thee ? thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce
gleam

To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer ;
A new Actæon's error

Shall theirs have been — devoured by their own
hounds.

Be thou like the imperial Basilisk
Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds !
Gaze on oppression, till at that dread risk
Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk :
Fear not, but gaze — for freemen mightier
grow,
And slaves more feeble, gazing on their
foe ;
If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
Thou shalt be great — All hail !

Poems Written in 1820

ANTISTROPHE β 2

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,
Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by
veil ;
O'er Ruin desolate,
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed ; be the Destroyer
pale !
And equal laws be thine,
And wingèd words let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of
God :
That wealth, surviving fate,
Be thine.—All hail !

ANTISTROPHE α γ

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling
pæan
From land to land reechoed solemnly
Till silence became music ? From the *Aæan*¹ :

¹ *Aæa*, the island of Circe.

Ode to Naples

To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
Starts to hear thine ! The Sea
Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
In light and music ; widowed Genoa wan
By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
Murmuring, where is Doria ? fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper's¹ palsying venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
(If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)
Art Thou of all these hopes. — O hail !

ANTISTROPHE β γ

Florence ! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expec-
tation :
From eyes of quenchless hope
Rome tears the priestly cope,
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,
As athlete stript to run

¹ The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

Poems Written in 1820

From a remoter station
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore : —
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
So now may Fraud and Wrong ! O hail !

EPODE I. β

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
Arrayed against the ever-living Gods ?
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
Bursting their inaccessible abodes
Of crags and thunder-clouds ?
See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride ?
Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden
wide
With iron light is dyed,
The Anarchs of the North lead forth their
legions
Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating ;
An hundred tribes nourished on strange relig-
ions
And lawless slaveries, — down the aërial regions

Ode to Naples

Of the white Alps, desolating,
Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
Trampling our columned cities into dust,
 Their dull and savage lust
On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating —
They come ! The fields they tread look black
 and hoary
With fire — from their red feet the streams
run gory !

EPODE II. β

Great Spirit, deepest Love !
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian
shore ;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround
it ;
Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western
floor,
Spirit of beauty ! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its
foison

Poems Written in 1820

From the Earth's bosom chill ;

O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning ! bid those showers be dews of
poison !

Bid the Earth's plenty kill !

Bid thy bright Heaven above,

Whilst light and darkness bound it,

Be their tomb who planned

To make it ours and thine !

Or, with thine harmonizing ardours fill

And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire —
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire,
The instrument to work thy will divine !

Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from
leopards,

And frowns and fears from Thee,

Would not more swiftly flee

Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian sheep-
herds. —

Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine

Thou yieldest or withholdest, Oh, let be

This city of thy worship ever free !



An Allegory

I.



PORTAL as of shadowy adamant
Stands yawning on the highway
of the life

Which we all tread, a cavern huge
and gaunt;

Around it rages an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

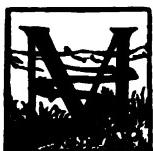
II.

And many pass it by with careless tread,
Not knowing that a shadowy . . .
Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
Wait peacefully for their companion new;

Poems Written in 1820

But others, by more curious humour led,
 Pause to examine,—these are very few,
And they learn little there, except to know
That shadows follow them where'er they go.

To —



MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets
 sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.



To Emilia Viviani



ADONNA, wherefore hast thou
sent to me
Sweet basil and mignonette?
Embleming love and health, which
never yet

In the same wreath might be.

Alas ! and they are wet !
Is it with thy kisses or thy tears ?

For never rain or dew
Such fragrance drew
From plant or flower—the very doubt en-
dears

My sadness ever new,
The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.
Send the stars light, but send not love to me,
In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade.



Sonnet



E hasten to the grave ! What seek
ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy
purposes

Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear ?
Oh thou quick heart which pantest to possess
All that pale expectation feigneth fair !
Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest
guess
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou
must go,
And all that never yet was known would
know —
Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press,
With such swift feet, life's green and pleasant
path,

Sonnet

Seeking, alike from happiness and woe,
A refuge in the cavern of gray death ?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts, what thing
do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below ?

Time



NFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose
waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of
deep woe

Are brackish with the salt of human tears !
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb
and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality !
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea ?

Fragment: Hope, Fear, and Doubt

UCH hope, as is the sick despair
of good,
Such fear, as is the certainty of
ill,
Such doubt, as is pale Expectation's food
Turned while she tastes to poison, when the
will
Is powerless, and the spirit . . .

Fragment: Milton's Spirit



DREAMED that Milton's spirit
rose, and took
From life's green tree his Uranian
lute;
And from his touch sweet thunder flowed, and
shook
All human things built in contempt of man,—
And sanguine thrones and impious altars
quaked,
Prisons and citadels. . . .



Liberty

I.



HE fiery mountains answer each
other;

Their thunderings are echoed
from zone to zone;

The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's
throne,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is
blown.

II.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around,
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering;
the sound
Is bellowing underground.

Poems Written in 1820

III.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's
tramp;

Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean ; thy
stare

Makes blind the volcanoes ; the sun's bright
lamp

To thine is a fen-fire damp.

IV.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapour and
blast ;

From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast,—
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of
night
In the van of the morning light.



Summer and Winter



T was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,

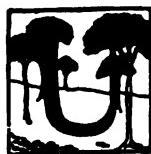
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon — and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun ; the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds ;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie

Poems Written in 1820

Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick ; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :
Alas then for the homeless beggar old !

Fragment: Unrisen Splendour



NRISEN splendour of the bright-
est sun,
To rise upon our darkness, if the
star
Now beckoning thee out of thy misty throne
Could thaw the clouds which wage an obscure
war
With thy young brightness !



The Tower of Famine



MID the desolation of a city,
Which was the cradle, and is now
the grave
Of an extinguished people; so
that pity

Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,
There stands the Tower of Famine. It is
built

Upon some prison homes, whose dwellers rave

For bread, and gold, and blood: pain, linked
to guilt,

Agitates the light flame of their hours,
Until its vital oil is spent or spilt:

Poems Written in 1820

There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred domes ; each marble-ribbed roof,
The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers

Of solitary wealth ; the tempest-proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air,
Are by its presence dimmed—they stand
aloof,

And are withdrawn — so that the world is bare,
As if a spectre wrapt in shapeless terror
Amid a company of ladies fair

Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,
The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.



To —

I.



NE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.

One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

II.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?



Note on Poems of 1820, by Mrs. Shelley

WE spent the latter part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, and made various notes on its ancient works of art. His thoughts were a good deal taken up also by the project of a steamboat, undertaken by a friend, an engineer, to ply between Leghorn and Marseilles, for which he supplied a sum of money. This was a sort of plan to delight Shelley, and he was greatly disappointed when it was thrown aside.

There was something in Florence that disagreed excessively with his health, and he suffered far more pain than usual; so much so that we left it sooner than we intended, and

Note by Mrs. Shelley

removed to Pisa, where we had some friends, and, above all, where we could consult the celebrated Vaccà as to the cause of Shelley's sufferings. He, like every other medical man, could only guess at that, and gave little hope of immediate relief ; he enjoined him to abstain from all physicians and medicine, and to leave his complaint to nature. As he had vainly consulted medical men of the highest repute in England, he was easily persuaded to adopt this advice. Pain and ill-health followed him to the end ; but the residence at Pisa agreed with him better than any other, and there in consequence we remained.

In the spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends who were absent on a journey to England. It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes whose myrtle-hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems. He addressed the letter to Mrs. Gisborne from this house, which was hers : he had made his study of the workshop of her son, who was an engineer. Mrs. Gisborne had been a friend

Note by Mrs. Shelley

of my father in her younger days. She was a lady of great accomplishments, and charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind after a life of considerable adversity. As a favourite friend of my father, we had sought her with eagerness; and the most open and cordial friendship was established between us.

Our stay at the Baths of San Giuliano was shortened by an accident. At the foot of our garden ran the canal that communicated between the Serchio and the Arno. The Serchio overflowed its banks, and, breaking its bounds, this canal also overflowed; all this part of the country is below the level of its rivers, and the consequence was that it was speedily flooded. The rising waters filled the Square of the Baths, in the lower part of which our house was situated. The canal overflowed in the garden behind; the rising waters on either side at last burst open the doors, and, meeting in the house, rose to the height of six feet. It was a picturesque sight at night to see the peasants driving the cattle from the plains

Note by Mrs. Shelley

below to the hills above the Baths. A fire was kept up to guide them across the ford; and the forms of the men and the animals showed in dark relief against the red glare of the flame, which was reflected again in the waters that filled the square.

We then removed to Pisa, and took up our abode there for the winter. The extreme mildness of the climate suited Shelley, and his solitude was enlivened by an intercourse with several intimate friends. Chance cast us strangely enough on this quiet half-unpeopled town; but its very peace suited Shelley. Its river, the near mountains, and not distant sea, added to its attractions, and were the objects of many delightful excursions. We feared the south of Italy, and a hotter climate, on account of our child; our former bereavement inspiring us with terror. We seemed to take root here, and moved little afterward; often, indeed, entertaining projects for visiting other parts of Italy, but still delaying. But for our fears on account of our child, I believe we should have wandered over the world, both being passionately fond of travelling. But human life, besides its great unalterable neces-

Note by Mrs. Shelley

sities, is ruled by a thousand liliputian ties that shackle at the time, although it is difficult to account afterward for their influence over our destiny.



Poems Written in 1821





Poems Written in 1821

Dirge for the Year

I.



SYPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep !
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.

See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

II.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day ;
Solemn hours ! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

Poems Written in 1821

III.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year : — be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

IV.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave ;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps — but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.





The Boat on the Serchio



OUR boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
The helm sways idly, hither and thither ;
Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,
And the oars and the sails ; but 'tis sleeping fast,
Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there,
To tower, and cavern, and rift and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.

Poems Written in 1821

Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapours in their multitudes,
And the Apennine's shroud of summer
snow,
And clothed with light of aëry gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's
scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee :
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out on the river's brim
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and
hill :
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

The Boat on the Serchio

All rose to do the task He set to each,
Who shaped us to his ends and not our
own ;
The million rose to learn, and one to teach
What none yet ever knew or can be known.
And many rose
Whose woe was such that fear became de-
sire ;—
Melchior and Lionel were not among those ;
They from the throng of men had stepped
aside,
And made their home under the green hillside.
It was that hill, whose intervening brow
Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,
Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
Like a wide lake of green fertility,
With streams and fields and marshes bare,
Divides from the far Apennines — which lie
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

“ What think you, as she lies in her green
cove,
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of? ”

Poems Written in 1821

“ If morning dreams are true, why I should
guess
That she was dreaming of our idleness,
And of the miles of watery way
We should have led her by this time of
day.” —

“ Never mind,” said Lionel,
“ Give care to the winds, they can bear it
well
About yon poplar tops ; and see
The white clouds are driving merrily,
And the stars we miss this morn will light
More willingly our return to-night.—
How it whistles, Dominic’s long black hair !
List, my dear fellow ; the breeze blows fair :
Hear how it sings into the air.”

“ Of us and of our lazy motions,”
Impatiently said Melchior,
“ If I can guess a boat’s emotions ;
And how we ought, two hours before,
To have been the devil knows where.”

The Boat on the Serchio

And then, in such transalpine Tuscan
As would have killed a Della-Cruscan,

So Lionel according to his art
Weaving his idle words, Melchior said :
“ She dreams that we are not yet out of
bed ;
We'll put a soul into her, and a heart
Which like a dove chased by a dove shall
beat.”

“ Ay, heave the ballast overboard,
And stow the eatables in the aft locker.”
“ Would not this keg be best a little lowered ? ”
“ No, now all's right.” “ Those bottles of
warm tea —
(Give me some straw) — must be stowed ten-
derly ;
Such as we used, in summer after six,
To cram in greatcoat pockets, and to mix
Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton,
And, couched on stolen hay in those green
harbours

Poems Written in 1821

Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called
arbours,
Would feast till eight."

With a bottle in one hand,
As if his very soul were at a stand,
Lionel stood — when Melchior brought him
steady : —
" Sit at the helm — fasten this sheet — all
ready ! "

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
The living breath is fresh behind,
As with dews and sunrise fed,
Comes the laughing morning wind ; —
The sails are full, the boat makes head
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,
Then flags with intermitting course,
And hangs upon the wave, and stems
The tempest of the . . .
Which fervid from its mountain source
Shallow, smooth and strong doth come, —
Swift as fire, tempestuously

The Boat on the Serchio

It sweeps into the affrighted sea ;
In morning's smile its eddies coil,
Its billows sparkle, toss and boil,
Torturing all its quiet light
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
Between the marble barriers which it clove
At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm
The wave that died the death which lovers
love,
Living in what it sought ; as if this spasm
Had not yet past, the toppling mountains
cling,
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
Pours itself on the plain, then wandering
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline,
Sends its superfluous waves, that they may
fling
At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine,
Then, through the pestilential deserts wild
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted pine,
It rushes to the Ocean.



Music

I.



PANT for the music which is
divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying
flower;

Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

II.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
More, oh, more,— I am thirsting yet,
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

Music

III.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake ;
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst to
slake —
And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters
blue —

IV.

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup
Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring
wine,
Whom a mighty Enchantress filling up
Invites to love with her kiss divine . . .



Sonnet to Byron



AM afraid these verses will not
please you, but]
If I esteemed you less, Envy
would kill

Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair
The ministration of the thoughts that fill
The mind which, like a worm whose life may
share

A portion of the unapproachable,
Marks your creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.

But such is my regard that nor your power
To soar above the heights where others
[climb],

Nor fame, that shadow of the unborn hour
Cast from the envious future on the time,
Move one regret for his unhonoured name
Who dares these words:— the worm beneath
the sod

May lift itself in homage of the God.



Fragments Written for Hellas

I.



AIREST of the Destinies,
Disarray thy dazzling eyes :
Keener far thy lightnings are
Than the wingèd [bolts] thou
bearest,
And the smile thou wearest
Wraps thee as a star
Is wrapt in light.

II.

Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn
From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,
Or could the morning shafts of purest light
Again into the quivers of the Sun

Poems Written in 1821

Be gathered — could one thought from its
wild flight

Return into the temple of the brain

Without a change, without a stain,—

Could aught that is, ever again

Be what it once has ceased to be,

Greece might again be free !

III.

A star has fallen upon the earth

'Mid the benighted nations,

A quenchless atom of immortal light,

A living spark of Night,

A cresset shaken from the constellations.

Swifter than the thunder fell

To the heart of Earth, the well

Where its pulses flow and beat,

And unextinct in that cold source

Burns, and on course

Guides the sphere which is its prison,

Like an angelic spirit pent

In a form of mortal birth,

Till, as a spirit half arisen

Fragments Written for Hellas

Shatters its charnel, it has rent,
In the rapture of its mirth,
The thin and painted garment of the Earth,
Ruining its chaos — a fierce breath
Consuming all its forms of living death.

Fragment: “I Would Not Be a King”



WOULD not be a king — enough
Of woe it is to love ;
The path to power is steep and
rough,
And tempests reign above.
I would not climb the imperial throne ;
'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun
Thaws in the height of noon,
Then farewell, king, yet were I one
Care would not come so soon.
Would he and I were far away
Keeping flocks on Himalay !



Time Long Past

I.

 LIKE the ghost of a dear friend
dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now for ever fled,
A hope which is now for ever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.

II.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of Time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last—
That Time long past.

Time Long Past

III.

There is regret, almost remorse,
For Time long past.
'Tis like a child's belovèd corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance, cast
From Time long past.

Fragment on Keats

Who Desired That on His Tomb
Should Be Inscribed —

“ERE lieth One whose name was
writ on water.”

But, ere the breath that could
erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart the stream,— and time's printless
torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name of
Adonais.—



Ginevra



ILD, pale, and wonder-stricken,
even as one
Who staggers forth into the air
and sun
From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,
Bewildered, and incapable, and ever
Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain
Of usual shapes, till the familiar train
Of objects and of persons past like things
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,
Ginevra from the nuptial altar went;
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent
Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
Which made the paleness of her cheek more
pale,

Ginevra

And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,
And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight
doth,—

And of the gold and jewels glittering there
She scarce felt conscious,— but the weary glare
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight,
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
Was less heavenly fair — her face was bowed,
And as she past, the diamonds in her hair
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair
Which led from the cathedral to the street ;
And ever as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging
came,
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,
Envyng the unenviable ; and others
Making the joy which should have been an-
other's
Their own by gentle sympathy ; and some
Sighing to think of an unhappy home :

Poems Written in 1821

Some few admiring what can ever lure
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat; a
thing
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all dispersed—and, lo! she
stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own;
And through the sunny air, with jangling
tone,
The music of the merry marriage bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells;—
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself—when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said—"Is this thy faith?" and then as
one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun

Ginevra

With light like a harsh voice, which bids him
rise

And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no
more,

Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore
To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling
blood

Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said — “ Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance, or custom, time or change,
Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,
With all their stings and venom can impeach
Our love,— we love not :— if the grave which
hides

The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another’s, could dissever ours,
We love not.” — “ What! do not the silent
hours

Poems Written in 1821

Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?
Is not that ring" — a pledge, he would have
said,

Of broken vows, but she with patient look
The golden circle from her finger took,
And said — "Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;
And I am dead or shall be soon — my knell
Will mix its music with that merry bell.
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said
'We toll a corpse out of the marriage bed?'The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier — so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy
Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmos-
phere

Round her, which chilled the burning noon
with fear,
Making her but an image of the thought,
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought

Ginevra

News of the terrors of the coming time.
Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a belovèd friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
The pale betrayer — he then with vain repen-
tance

Would share, he cannot now avert, the sen-
tence —

Antonio stood and would have spoken, when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching ; he retired, while she
Was led amid the admiring company
Back to the palace, — and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest : — like one asleep
With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met ;
The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight

Poems Written in 1821

Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes
Kindling a momentary Paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime:—
How many meet, who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget.
How many saw the beauty, power, and wit
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet;
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And unprophetic of the coming hours,
The matin winds from the expanded flowers
Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken
From every living heart which it possesses,
Through seas and winds, cities and wilder-
nesses,
As if the future and the past were all
Treasured i' the instant;— so Gherardi's hall

Ginevra

Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,
Till some one asked — “Where is the Bride?”

And then

A bridesmaid went, — and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests — a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld;
Then wonder, and then fear that wonder
quelled; —

For whispers past from mouth to ear which drew
The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company;
And then Gherardi entered with an eye
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death
To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,
With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and
white,
And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light
Mocked at the speculation they had owned.
If it be death, when there is felt around

Poems Written in 1821

A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
And leaving as swift lightning in its flight
Ashes, and smoke, and darkness: in our
night

Of thought we know thus much of death,—
no more

Than the unborn dream of our life before
Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable
shore.

The marriage feast and its solemnity
Was turned to funeral pomp — the company,
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor
they

Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise
Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
On which that form, whose fate they weep in
vain,

Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.

Ginevra

The lamps which half extinguished in their
haste

Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,
Showed as it were within the vaulted room
A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
Had past out of men's minds into the air.
Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
Friends and relations of the dead,— and he,
A loveless man, accepted torpidly
The consolation that he wanted not,
Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
More still — some wept, . . .
Some melted into tears without a sob,
And some with hearts that might be heard to
throb

Leant on the table, and at intervals
Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls
And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
Of every torch and taper as it swept
From out the chamber where the women
kept ;—

Poems Written in 1821

Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
Of pleasures now departed ; then was knolled
The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,
And finding death their penitent had shrived,
Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
And then the mourning women came.—

• • • • •

THE DIRGE

Old winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
And the spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night ;—
If the land, and the air, and the sea
Rejoice not when spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra !

She is still, she is cold
On the bridal couch,

Ginevra

One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel — and one, oh, where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.

Ere the sun through heaven once more has
rolled,
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
And the worms be alive in her golden hair,
While the spirit that guides the sun
Sits throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep.





Fragment: “Methought I Was a Billow in the Crowd”



ETHOUGHT I was a billow in
the crowd
Of common men, that stream
without a shore,
That ocean which at once is deaf and loud ;
That I, a man, stood amid many more
By a wayside . . . , which the aspect bore
Of some imperial metropolis,
Where mighty shapes — pyramid, dome, and
tower —
Gleamed like a pile of crags.



Evening: Ponte a Mare, Pisa

I.



HE sun is set; the swallows are
asleep;

The bats are flitting fast in the
gray air;

The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and
there

Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

II.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;

Poems Written in 1821

The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

III.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it never fades away;
Go to the . . .
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

IV.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled — but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.



To Night

I.

 WIFTLY walk over the western
wave,
 Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

II.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long sought !

Poems Written in 1821

III.

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

IV.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ? — And I replied,
No, not thee !

V.

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;

To Night

Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !

A Lament

I.



WORLD ! O life ! O time !
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had
stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more — Oh, never more !

II.

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight ;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with
delight
No more — Oh, never more !



Fragment:

“And That I Walk Thus Proudly
Crowned”



ND that I walk thus proudly
crowned withal
Is that 'tis my distinction ; if I
fall,
I shall not weep out of the vital day,
To-morrow dust, nor wear a dull decay.

Fragment: “The Rude Wind Is Singing”

The rude wind is singing
The dirge of the music dead,
The cold worms are clinging
Where kisses were lately fed.



Lines

I.



AR, far away, O ye
Halcyons of memory,
Seek some far calmer nest
Than this abandoned breast ; —
No news of your false spring
To my heart's winter bring,
Once having gone, in vain
Ye come again.

II.

Vultures, who build your bowers
High in the Future's towers,
Withered hopes on hopes are spread,
Dying joys choked by the dead
Will serve your beaks for prey
Many a day.



From the Arabic: An Imitation

I.



Y faint spirit was sitting in the
light

 Of thy looks, my love;

It panted for thee like the hind
at noon

 For the brooks, my love.

Thy barb whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's
flight

 Bore thee far from me;

My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

II.

Ah ! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
 Or the death they bear,

From the Arabic: An Imitation

The heart which tender thought clothes like
a dove
With the wings of care ;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

Fragment: “I Faint, I Perish with My Love”



FAINT, I perish with my love !
I grow
Frail as a cloud whose [splendours] pale
Under the evening's ever-changing glow :
I die like mist upon the gale,
And like a wave under the calm I fail.

Fragment: Ambushed Dangers



HEN soft winds and sunny skies
With the green earth harmonize,
And the young and dewy dawn,
Bold as an unhunted fawn,
Up the windless heaven is gone,—
Laugh — for ambushed in the day,—
Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.

Fragment: The Lady of the South



AIN'T with love, the Lady of the
South
Lay in the paradise of Lebanon
Under a heaven of cedar boughs ;
the drought
Of love was on her lips ; the light was gone
Out of her eyes.



The Fugitives

I.



HE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—

Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away !

The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion :
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away !

Poems Written in 1821

II.

“ Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale ; —
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now,” —
Shouted He —

And she cried : “ Ply the oar !
Put off gaily from shore ! ” —
As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

“ And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?

The Fugitives

And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low;—

While around the lashed Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

Poems Written in 1821

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest and last
 Of his name !

To-morrow



HERE art thou, beloved To-mor-
row ?
When young and old and strong
 and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place — ah ! well-a-day !
We find the thing we fled — To-day.

To —

I.



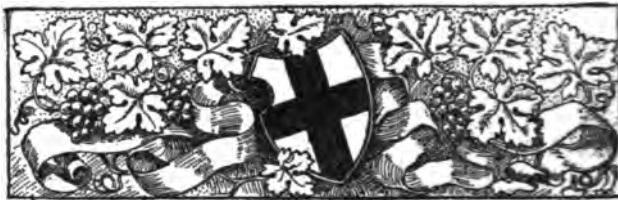
HEN passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings
keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep !

II.

It were enough to feel, to see,
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest — and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

III.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear,
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea, but two, which move,
And form all others, life and love.



Song

I.



ARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherfore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

II.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

Song

III.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure.
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists as born.

Poems Written in 1821

VI.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII.

I love Love — though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home.



Mutability

I.



HE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies ;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.

What is this world's delight ?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

II.

Virtue, how frail it is !
Friendship how rare !
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair !
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Poems Written in 1821

III.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day ;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

Stanza'



F I walk in Autumn's even
While the dead leaves pass,
If I look on Spring's soft
heaven,—

Something is not there which was.
Winter's wondrous frost and snow,
Summer's clouds, where are they now?

* Perhaps in continuation of "To-morrow." — ED.



Lines Written on Hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon



HAT ! alive and so bold, oh earth !
Art thou not overbold ?
What ! leapest thou forth as of
old

In the light of thy morning mirth,
The last of the flock of the starry fold ?
Ha ! leapest thou forth as of old ?
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead ?

How ! is not thy quick heart cold ?
What spark is alive on thy hearth ?
How ! is not *bis* death-knell knolled ?
And livest *tbon* still, Mother Earth ?

Poems Written in 1821

Thou wert warming thy fingers old
O'er the embers covered and cold
Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled —
What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

“ Who has known me of old,” replied Earth,
“ Or who has my story told ?

It is thou who art overbold.”
And the lightning of scorn laughed forth
As she sung, “ To my bosom I fold
All my sons when their knell is knolled,
And so with living motion all are fed,
And the quick spring like weeds out of the
dead.

“ Still alive and still bold,” shouted Earth,
“ I grow bolder and still more bold.
The dead fill me ten thousandfold
Fuller of speed, and splendour, and mirth.
I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uprolled,
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

Lines on Death of Napoleon

“Ay, alive and still bold,” muttered Earth,
“Napoleon’s fierce spirit rolled,
In terror and blood and gold,
A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
Leave the millions who follow to mould
The metal before it be cold;
And weave into his shame, which like the dead
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled.”

Fragment: The Awakener



OME, thou awakener of the spirit’s
ocean,
Zephyr, whom to thy cloud or
cave
No thought can trace! speed with thy gentle
motion!

Fragment: Rain

The gentleness of rain was in the wind.



Sonnet: Political Greatness



OR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill
in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes
tame ;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant
starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers
knit
By force or custom ? Man who man would
be,

Sonnet : Political Greatness

Must rule the empire of himself ; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

Fragment: A Wanderer

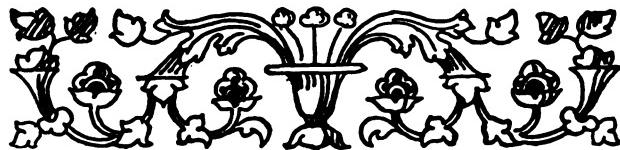


E wanders, like a day-appearing
dream,
Through the dim wildernesses
of the mind ;
Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

Fragment: Great Spirit



REAT Spirit whom the sea of
boundless thought
Nurtures within its unimagined
caves,
In which thou sittest sole, as in my mind,
Giving a voice to its mysterious waves.



The Aziola

I.

“**D**O you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,”
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or
candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked, “Who is Aziola?” How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or hate:
And Mary saw my soul,
And laughed, and said, “Disquiet yourself not;
’Tis nothing but a little downy owl.”

II.

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard

The Aziola

By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
And fields and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred ;
Unlike and far sweeter than them all.
Sad Aziola ! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

Fragment: O Thou Immortal Deity



THOU immortal deity
Whose throne is in the depth of
human thought,
I do adjure thy power and thee
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,
By all that he has been and yet must be !

A Dirge



OUGH wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song ;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long ;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong !

Fragment: To the Moon

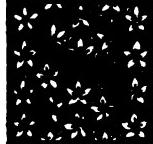


RIGHT wanderer, fair coquette
of heaven,
To whom alone it has been given
To change and be adored for ever,
Envy not this dim world, for never
But once within its shadow grew
One fair as —



Remembrance

I.

 WIFTER far than summer's
flight —
Swifter far than youth's delight —
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone —
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

II.

The swallow summer comes again —
The owlet night resumes her reign —
But the wild-swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou. —
My heart each day desires the morrow ;
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow ;

Poems Written in 1821

Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

III.

Lilies for a bridal bed—
Roses for a matron's head—
Violets for a maiden dead—
Pansies let *my* flowers be:
On the living grave I bear
Scatter them without a tear—
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

Fragment: Peace Surrounding Life



HE babe is at peace within the womb,
The corpse is at rest within the tomb,
We begin in what we end.



To Edward Williams

I.



HE serpent is shut out from paradise.

The wounded deer must seek the
herb no more

In which its heart-cure lies :

The widowed dove must cease to haunt
a bower

Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs
Fled in the April hour.

I too must seldom seek again
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

II.

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content ;
Indifference, that once hurt me, now is
grown

Poems Written in 1821

Itself indifferent.

But, not to speak of love, pity alone
Can break a spirit already more than bent.

The miserable one

Turns the mind's poison into food,—
Its medicine is tears,—its evil good.

III.

Therefore, if now I see you seldomner,

Dear friends, dear *friend!* know that I
only fly

Your looks, because they stir

Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that
cannot die:

The very comfort that they minister

I scarce can bear, yet I,

So deeply is the arrow gone,

Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

IV.

When I return to my cold home, you ask

Why I am not as I have ever been.

To Edward Williams

*You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part in life's dull
scene,—
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean,
In the world's carnival. I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.*

v.

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still
said,
“ She loves me — loves me not.”
And if this meant a vision long since fled —
If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought —
If it meant, — but I dread
To speak what you may know too
well :
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

vi.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home ;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,

Poems Written in 1821

When it no more would roam ;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,
And thus at length find rest.
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will
cease.

VII.

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed
That I had resolution. One who *had*
Would ne'er have thus relieved
His heart with words,—but what his
judgment bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.
These verses are too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.





Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear

.



ND many there were hurt by that
strong boy,
His name, they said, was Pleasure,
And near him stood, glorious
beyond measure,
Four Ladies who possess all empery
In earth and air and sea,
Nothing that lives from their award is free.
Their names will I declare to thee,
Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear,
And they the regents are
Of the four elements that frame the heart,
And each diversely exercised her art
By force or circumstance or sleight
To prove her dreadful might

Poems Written in 1821

Upon that poor domain.
Desire presented her [false] glass, and then
 The spirit dwelling there
Was spellbound to embrace what seemed so fair
 Within that magic mirror,
 And dazed by that bright error,
It would have scorned the [shafts] of the
 avenger,
 And death, and penitence, and danger,
 Had not then silent Fear
 Touched with her palsying spear,
 So that as if a frozen torrent
 The blood was curdled in its current;
It dared not speak, even in look or motion,
But chained within itself its proud devotion.
 Between Desire and Fear thou wert
 A wretched thing, poor heart!
Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast,
 Wild bird for that weak nest.
Till Love even from fierce Desire it bought,
And from the very wound of tender thought
Drew solace, and the pity of sweet eyes
Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies,

Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear

Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.

Then Hope approached, she who can
borrow

For poor to-day, from rich to-morrow,
And Fear withdrew, as night when day
Descends upon the orient ray,
And after long and vain endurance
The poor heart woke to her assurance.

— At one birth these four were born
With the world's forgotten morn,
And from Pleasure still they hold
All its circles, as of old.

When, as summer lures the swallow,
Pleasure lures the heart to follow —
O weak heart of little wit!

The fair hand that wounded it,
Seeking, like a panting hare,
Refuge in the lynx's lair,
Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear

Ever will be near.



Fragment: False Laurels and True

“ **W**HAT art thou, Presumptuous,
who profanest
The wreath to mighty poets
only due,
Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wan-
est?
Touch not those leaves which for the eternal
few
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame,
In sacred dedication ever grew:
One of the crowd thou art without a name.”
“ Ah, friend, 'tis the false laurel that I
wear;
Bright though it seem, it is not the same

Fragment

As that which bound Milton's immortal
hair;
Its dew is poison, and the hopes that quicken
Under its chilling shade, though seeming
fair,
Are flowers which die almost before they
sicken."



A Bridal Song

I.



HE golden gates of Sleep unbar
Where Strength and Beauty met
together,
Kindle their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.

Night, with all thy stars look down,—
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight;—
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
Oft renew.

II.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her!
Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn,—ere it be long!
O joy! O fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun!
Come along!



Another Version of the Same



IGHT, with all thine eyes look
down!

Darkness shed its holiest dew !

When ever smiled the inconstant
moon

On a pair so true ?

Hence, coy hour ! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight !

Hence, swift hour ! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

BOYS

O joy ! O fear ! what may be done
In the absence of the sun ?

Come along !

The golden gates of sleep unbar !
When strength and beauty meet together,

Poems Written in 1821

Kindles their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Hence, coy hour ! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight !
Hence, swift hour ! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

GIRLS

O joy ! O fear ! what may be done
In the absence of the sun ?
Come along !
Fairies ! sprites ! and angels keep her !
Holiest powers, permit no wrong !
And return, to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long.
Hence, swift hour ! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight !
Hence, coy hour ! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

BOYS AND GIRLS

O joy ! O fear ! what will be done
In the absence of the sun ?
Come along !



Another Version of the Same

BOYS SING



IGHT! with all thine eyes look
down!

Darkness! weep thy holiest dew
Never smiled the inconstant moon

On a pair so true.

Haste, coy hour! and quench all light,

Lest eyes see their own delight!

Haste, swift hour! and thy loved flight

Oft renew!

GIRLS SING

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!

Holy stars! permit no wrong!

And return to wake the sleeper,

Dawn, ere it be long!

O joy! O fear! there is not one

Of us can guess what may be done

Poems Written in 1821

In the absence of the sun:—

Come along!

BOYS

Oh! linger long, thou envious eastern lamp,

In the damp

Caves of the deep!

GIRLS

Nay, return, Vesper! urge thy lazy car!

Swift unbar

The gates of Sleep!

CHORUS

The golden gate of Sleep unbar,

When Strength and Beauty, met together,

Kindle their image, like a star

In a sea of glassy weather.

May the purple mist of love

Round them rise, and with them move,

Nourishing each tender gem

Which, like flowers, will burst from them.

As the fruit is to the tree

May their children ever be!



The Magnetic Lady to Her Patient

I.

“ **S**LEEP, sleep on ! forget thy pain ;
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain ;
My pity on thy heart, poor
friend ;
And from my fingers flow
The powers of life, and like a sign,
Seal thee from thine hour of woe ;
And brood on thee, but may not blend
With thine.

II.

“ Sleep, sleep on ! I love thee not ;
But when I think that he
Who made and makes my lot
As full of flowers as thine of weeds,

Poems Written in 1821

Might have been lost like thee ;
And that a hand which was not mine
Might then have charmed his agony
As I another's — my heart bleeds
For thine.

III.

“ Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of
The dead and the unborn
Forget thy life and love ;
Forget that thou must wake for ever ;
Forget the world's dull scorn ;
Forget lost health, and the divine
Feelings which died in youth's brief morn ;
And forget me, for I can never
Be thine.

IV.

“ Like a cloud big with a May shower,
My soul weeps healing rain,
On thee, thou withered flower ;
It breathes mute music on thy sleep ;
Its odour calms thy brain ;
Its light within thy gloomy breast
Spreads like a second youth again.

The Magnetic Lady to Her Patient

By mine thy being is to its deep
Possest.

v.

“The spell is done. How feel you now?”
“Better — Quite well,” replied
The sleeper. — “What would do
You good when suffering and awake?
What cure your head and side? — ”
“What would cure, that would kill me, Jane:
And as I must on earth abide
Awhile, yet tempt me not to break
My chain.”





Prologue to Hellas

HERALD OF ETERNITY



T is the day when all the sons of
God
Wait in the roofless senate-house,
whose floor

Is Chaos, and the immovable abyss
Frozen by his steadfast word to hyaline

• • • •
The shadow of God, and delegate
Of that before whose breath the universe
Is as a print of dew.

Hierarchs and kings
Who from yon thrones pinnacled on the past
Sway the reluctant present, ye who sit
Pavilioned on the radiance or the gloom
Of mortal thought, which like an exhalation

Prologue to Hellas

Steaming from earth, conceals the of
heaven

Which gave it birth, assemble here
Before your Father's throne; the swift decree
Yet hovers, and the fiery incarnation
Is yet withheld, clothèd in which it shall
 annul

The fairest of those wandering isles that gem
The sapphire space of interstellar air,
That green and azure sphere, that earth inwrapt
Less in the beauty of its tender light
Than in an atmosphere of living spirit
Which interpenetrating all the . . .

 it rolls from realm to realm
And age to age, and in its ebb and flow
Impels the generations
To their appointed place,
Whilst the high Arbiter
Beholds the strife, and at the appointed time
Sends his decrees veiled in eternal . . .

Within the circuit of this pendant orb
There lies an antique region, on which fell

Poems Written in 1821

The dews of thought in the world's golden dawn

Earliest and most benign, and from it sprung
Temples and cities and immortal forms
And harmonies of wisdom and of song,
And thoughts, and deeds worthy of thoughts
so fair.

And when the sun of its dominion failed,
And when the winter of its glory came,
The winds that stript it bare blew on and swept
That dew into the utmost wildernesses
In wandering clouds of sunny rain that thawed
The unmatural bosom of the North.

Haste, sons of God, for ye beheld,
Reluctant, or consenting, or astonished,
The stern decrees go forth, which heaped on
Greece

Ruin and degradation and despair.
A fourth now waits : assemble, sons of God,
To speed or to prevent or to suspend,
If, as ye dream, such power be not withheld,
The unaccomplished destiny.

.

Prologue to Hellas

CHORUS

The curtain of the Universe
Is rent and shattered,
The splendour-wingèd worlds disperse
Like wild doves scattered.

Space is roofless and bare,
And in the midst a cloudy shrine,
Dark amid thrones of light.
In the blue glow of hyaline
Golden worlds revolve and shine.

In flight
From every point of the Infinite,
Like a thousand dawns on a single night
The splendours rise and spread ;
And through thunder and darkness dread
Light and music are radiated,
And in their pavilioned chariots led
By living wings high overhead
The giant Powers move,
Gloomy or bright as the thrones they fill.

• • • • • • •

Poems Written in 1821

A chaos of light and motion
Upon that glassy ocean.

The senate of the Gods is met,
Each in his rank and station set;
There is silence in the spaces —
Lo ! Satan, Christ, and Mahomet
Start from their places !

CHRIST

Almighty Father !
Low kneeling at the feet of Destiny

There are two fountains in which spirits
weep
When mortals err, Discord and Slavery named,
And with their bitter dew two Destinies
Filled each their irrevocable urns ; the third,
Fiercest and mightiest, mingled both, and
added
Chaos and Death, and slow Oblivion's lymph,
And hate and terror, and the poisoned rain

Prologue to Hellas

The Aurora of the nations. By this brow
Whose pores wept tears of blood, by these
wide wounds,
By this imperial crown of agony,
By infamy and solitude and death,
For this I underwent, and by the pain
Of pity for those who would for me
The unremembered joy of a revenge,
For this I felt — by Plato's sacred light,
Of which my spirit was a burning morrow —
By Greece and all she cannot cease to be,
Her quenchless words, sparks of immortal
truth,
Stars of all night — her harmonies and forms,
Echoes and shadows of what Love adores
In thee, I do compel thee, send forth Fate,
Thy irrevocable child : let her descend
A seraph-wingèd victory [arrayed]
In tempest of the omnipotence of God
Which sweeps through all things.

From hollow leagues, from Tyranny which arms
Adverse miscreeds and emulous anarchies

Poems Written in 1821

To stamp, as on a wingèd serpent's seed,
Upon the name of Freedom; from the
storm
Of faction, which like earthquake shakes and
sickens
The solid heart of enterprise; from all
By which the holiest dreams of highest spirits
Are stars beneath the dawn . . .

She shall arise

Victorious as the world arose from Chaos!
And as the Heavens and the Earth arrayed
Their presence in the beauty and the light
Of thy first smile, O Father, as they gather
The spirit of thy love which paves for them
Their path o'er the abyss, till every sphere
Shall be one living Spirit, so shall Greece —

SATAN

Be as all things beneath the empyrean,
Mine! Art thou eyeless like old Destiny,
Thou mockery-king, crowned with a wreath
of thorns?
Whose sceptre is a reed, the broken reed

Prologue to Hellas

Which pierces thee ! whose throne a chair of
scorn ;
For seest thou not beneath this crystal floor
The innumerable worlds of golden light
Which are my empire, and the least of them
 which thou would'st redeem from me ?
Know'st thou not them my portion ?
Or wouldst rekindle the strife
Which our great Father then did arbitrate
When he assigned to his competing sons
Each his apportioned realm ?

Thou Destiny,
Thou who art mailed in the omnipotence
Of Him who sends thee forth, whate'er thy
task,
Speed, spare not to accomplish, and be mine
Thy trophies, whether Greece again become
The fountain in the desert whence the earth
Shall drink of freedom, which shall give it
strength
To suffer, or a gulph of hollow death
To swallow all delight, all life, all hope.
Go, thou Vicegerent of my will, no less

Poems Written in 1821

Than of the Father's ; but lest thou shouldst
faint,
The wingèd hounds, Famine and Pestilence,
Shall wait on thee, the hundred-forkèd snake
Insatiate Superstition still shall . . .
The earth behind thy steps, and War shall
hover
Above, and Fraud shall gape below, and
Change
Shall flit before thee on her dragon wings,
Convulsing and consuming, and I add
Three vials of the tears which dæmons weep
When virtuous spirits through the gate of
Death
Pass triumphing over the thorns of life,
Sceptres and crowns, mitres and swords and
snares,
Trampling in scorn, like Him and Socrates.
The first is Anarchy ; when Power and Pleas-
ure,
Glory and science and security,
On Freedom hang like fruit on the green
tree,

Prologue to Hellas

Then pour it forth, and men shall gather ashes.

The second Tyranny —

CHRIST

Obdurate spirit !

Thou seest but the Past in the To-come.

Pride is thy error and thy punishment.

Boast not thine empire, dream not that thy
worlds

Are more than furnace-sparks or rainbow-
drops

Before the Power that wields and kindles them.

True greatness asks not space, true excellence
Lives in the Spirit of all things that live,

Which lends it to the worlds thou callest thine.

• • • • • • •

MAHOMET

. . . Haste thou and fill the waning crescent
With beams as keen as those which pierced the
shadow

Of Christian night rolled back upon the West

Poems Written in 1821

When the orient moon of Islam rode in
triumph
From Tmolus to the Acroceraunian snow.

• • • •
Wake, thou Word
Of God, and from the throne of Destiny
Even to the utmost limit of thy way
May Triumph

• • • •
Be thou a curse on them whose creed
Divides and multiplies the most high God.





Note on Poems of 1821, by Mrs. Shelley



Y task becomes inexpressibly painful as the year draws near that which sealed our earthly fate, and each poem, and each event it records, has a real or mysterious connection with the fatal catastrophe. I feel that I am incapable of putting on paper the history of those times. The heart of the man, abhorred of the poet, who could :

“peep and botanize
Upon his mother’s grave,”

does not appear to me more inexplicably framed than that of one who can dissect and probe past woes, and repeat to the public ear the

Note by Mrs. Shelley

groans drawn from them in the throes of their agony.

The year 1821 was spent in Pisa, or at the Baths of San Giuliano. We were not, as our wont had been, alone; friends had gathered around us. Nearly all are dead, and, when memory recurs to the past, she wanders among tombs. The genius, with all his blighting errors and mighty powers; the companion of Shelley's ocean-wanderings, and the sharer of his fate, than whom no man ever existed more gentle, generous, and fearless, and others, who found in Shelley's society, and in his great knowledge and warm sympathy, delight, instruction, and solace; have joined him beyond the grave. A few survive who have felt life a desert since he left it. What misfortune can equal death? Change can convert every other into a blessing, or heal its sting—death alone has no cure. It shakes the foundations of the earth on which we tread; it destroys its beauty; it casts down our shelter; it exposes us bare to desolation. When those we love have passed into eternity, "life is the desert and the solitude" in which we are forced to linger—but never find comfort more.

Note by Mrs. Shelley

There is much in the “Adonais” which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. The poetic view he takes of death, and the lofty scorn he displays toward his calumniators, are as a prophecy on his own destiny when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits.

Shelley’s favourite taste was boating; when living near the Thames or by the Lake of Geneva, much of his life was spent on the water. On the shore of every lake or stream or sea near which he dwelt, he had a boat moored. He had latterly enjoyed this pleasure again. There are no pleasure-boats on the Arno; and the shallowness of its waters (except in winter-time, when the stream is too turbid and impetuous for boating) rendered it difficult to get any skiff light enough to float. Shelley, however, overcame the difficulty; he, together with a friend, contrived a boat such as the huntsmen carry about with them in the Maremma, to cross the sluggish but deep streams that intersect the forests,—a boat of laths and pitched canvas. It held three persons; and he

Note by Mrs. Shelley

was often seen on the Arno in it, to the horror of the Italians, who remonstrated on the danger, and could not understand how any one could take pleasure in an exercise that risked life. "Ma va per la vita!" they exclaimed. I little thought how true their words would prove. He once ventured, with a friend, on the glassy sea of a calm day, down the Arno and round the coast to Leghorn, which, by keeping close inshore, was very practicable. They returned to Pisa by the canal, when missing the direct cut, they got entangled among weeds, and the boat upset; a wetting was all the harm done, except that the intense cold of his drenched clothes made Shelley faint. Once I went down with him to the mouth of the Arno, where the stream, then high and swift, met the tideless sea, and disturbed its sluggish waters. It was a waste and dreary scene; the desert sand stretched into a point surrounded by waves that broke idly though perpetually around; it was a scene very similar to Lido, of which he had said:

"I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see

Note by Mrs. Shelley

Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be :
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows."

Our little boat was of greater use, unaccompanied by any danger, when we removed to the Baths. Some friends lived at the village of Pugnano, four miles off, and we went to and fro to see them, in our boat, by the canal ; which, fed by the Serchio, was, though an artificial, a full and picturesque stream, making its way under verdant banks, sheltered by trees that dipped their boughs into the murmuring waters. By day, multitudes of ephemera darted to and fro on the surface ; at night, the fireflies came out among the shrubs on the banks ; the cicale at noonday kept up their hum ; the aziola cooed in the quiet evening. It was a pleasant summer, bright in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits ; yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us. Sometimes he projected taking a farm situated on the height of one of the near hills, surrounded by chestnut and pine woods, and overlooking a wide extent of country : or settling still farther in

Note by Mrs. Shelley

the maritime Apennines, at Massa. Several of his slighter and unfinished poems were inspired by these scenes, and by the companions around us. It is the nature of that poetry, however, which overflows from the soul oftener to express sorrow and regret than joy ; for it is when oppressed by the weight of life, and away from those he loves, that the poet has recourse to the solace of expression in verse.

Still, Shelley's passion was the ocean ; and he wished that our summers, instead of being passed among the hills near Pisa, should be spent on the shores of the sea. It was very difficult to find a spot. We shrank from Naples from a fear that the heats would disagree with Percy ; Leghorn had lost its only attraction, since our friends who had resided there were returned to England ; and, Monte Nero being the resort of many English, we did not wish to find ourselves in the midst of a colony of chance travellers. No one then thought it possible to reside at Via Reggio, which latterly has become a summer resort. The low lands and bad air of Maremma stretch the whole length of the western shores of the Mediterranean, till broken by the rocks and

Note by Mrs. Shelley

hills of Spezia. It was a vague idea, but Shelley suggested an excursion to Spezia, to see whether it would be feasible to spend a summer there. The beauty of the bay enchanted him. We saw no house to suit us; but the notion took root, and many circumstances, enchain'd as by fatality, occurred to urge him to execute it.

He looked forward this autumn with great pleasure to the prospect of a visit from Leigh Hunt. When Shelley visited Lord Byron at Ravenna, the latter had suggested his coming out, together with the plan of a periodical work in which they should all join. Shelley saw a prospect of good for the fortunes of his friend, and pleasure in his society; and instantly exerted himself to have the plan executed. He did not intend himself joining in the work: partly from pride, not wishing to have the air of acquiring readers for his poetry by associating it with the compositions of more popular writers; and also because he might feel shackled in the free expression of his opinions, if any friends were to be compromised. By those opinions, carried even to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die,

Note by Mrs. Shelley

as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. The sale of the work might meanwhile, either really or supposedly, be injured by the free expression of his thoughts ; and this evil he resolved to avoid.



Poems Written in 1822



Poems Written in 1822

The Zucca

I.

SUMMER was dead and Autumn
was expiring,
And infant Winter laughed upon
the land

All cloudlessly and cold ; — when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Wept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn
sand
Of my lorn heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering Hours.

Poems Written in 1822

II.

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep
The instability of all but weeping ;
And on the Earth lulled in her winter sleep
I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
Too happy Earth ! over thy face shall creep
The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leap-
ing
From unremembered dreams, shalt see
No death divide thy immortality.

III.

I loved — oh no, I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be ;—
I loved, I know not what — but this low
sphere
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
Thou, whom seen nowhere, I feel every-
where.
From heaven and earth, and all that in them are,
Veiled art thou, like a star.

The Zucca

IV.

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes
thou flowest,
Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden,
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
When for a moment thou art not for-
bidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest ;
And leaving noblest things vacant and
chidden,
Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

V.

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all
things common,
In music and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
Meant to express some feelings of their own ;
In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
In flowers and leaves, and in the grass fresh-
shown,

Poems Written in 1822

Or dying in the autumn, I the most
Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

VI.

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
A plant upon the river's margin lie,
Like one who loved beyond his Nature's law,
And in despair had cast him down to die ;
Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the
thaw
Had blighted ; like a heart which hatred's
eye
Can blast not, but which pity kills ; the dew
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

VII.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth
Had crushed it on her unmatural breast.
• • • • • • •

VIII.

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted
It in a vase full of the lightest mould ;

The Zucca

The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted
Fell through the window-panes, disrobed of
cold,

Upon its leaves and flowers ; the star which
panted

In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled
Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

IX.

The mitigated influences of air

And light revived the plant, and from it grew
Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,

Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
O'erflow'd with golden colours ; an atmosphere

Of vital warmth infolded it anew,
And every impulse sent to every part
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

X.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
Even if the air and sun had smiled not
on it ;

Poems Written in 1822

For one wept o'er it all the winter long
Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell
upon it
Hour after hour; for sounds of softest song
Mixed with the stringèd melodies that won it
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

XI.

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves
and flowers
On which he wept, the while the savage
storm
Waked by the darkest of December's hours
Was raving round the chamber hushed and
warm;
The birds were shivering in their leafless
bowers,
The fish were frozen in the pools, the
form
Of every summer plant was dead . . .
Whilst this . . .

• • • • • • •



Lines Written in the Bay of Lerici

SHE left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to
climb
The azure path of Heaven's steep,
And like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the West.
She left me, and I stayed alone
Thinking over every tone
Which, though silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill ;

Poems Written in 1822

And feeling ever — oh, too much! —
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand, even now,
Lightly trembled on my brow;
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim: —
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The dæmon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts, but thus disturbed and
weak
I sat and saw the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent
O'er some serenest element.
For ministrations strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star

Lines

Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the wind that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light,
And the scent of wingèd flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay.
And the fisher with his lamp
And spear about the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace !





Lines: “When the Lamp Is Shattered”

I.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow’s glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

II.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart’s echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—

Lines

No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love ! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

IV.

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high :
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.



To Jane: The Invitation



EST and brightest, come away !
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sor-
row,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
To hoar February born ;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,

To Jane : The Invitation

And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs —
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor : —
“ I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields ; —
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow. —
You with the unpaid bill, Despair, —
You tiresome verse-reciter, Care, —
I will pay you in the grave, —
Death will listen to your stave.

Poems Written in 1822

Expectation too, be off!
To-day is for itself enough;
Hope in pity mock not Woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain — with all your love,
This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sand-hills of the sea;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And windflowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,

To Jane : The Invitation

Crown the pale year weak and new ;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

Epitaph



THESE are two friends whose lives
were undivided ;
So let their memory be, now they
have glided
Under the grave ; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.



To Jane: The Recollection

I.



OW the last day of many days
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is
dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
Up to thy wonted work ! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,—
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

II.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,

To Jane: The Recollection

The lightest wind was in its nest,
 The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
 The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
 The smile of Heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
 Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
 A light of Paradise.

III.

We paused amid the pines that stood
 The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
 As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
 That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
 As tender as its own ;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
 Like green waves on the sea,

Poems Written in 1822

As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

IV.

How calm it was! — the silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced, —
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife; —
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there,

To Jane: The Recollection

Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

v.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulphed in a world below ;
A firmament of purple light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day —
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love

Poems Written in 1822

Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast,
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest;

Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters seen.

CANCELLED PASSAGE

Were not the crocuses that grew
Under that ilex-tree
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee?

*"The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply
In language gentle as thine own."*

(From To Jane.)

Written 1922

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10. *Constitutive elements of the system*

10. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* *leucostoma*

WILSON'S DISEASE

Table 1. Summary of Results

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REFERENCES AND NOTES

1. *Chlorophytum comosum* (L.) Willd.

1967-1970

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2000-01

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CONTINUATION

• End the '...

3

"*Woruld wi se nicht vergessen, wir sind mit
dir und dir ist es niemanden will.*
"Woruld wird ni allezeit vergessen, es
kommt ein neuer Tag.





With a Guitar, to Jane



RIEL to Miranda.—Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain ;
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness ;—for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,

Poems Written in 1822

To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps, and served your
will ;
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not ;
And now, alas ! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave ;—
From you he only dares to crave,

With a Guitar, to Jane

For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree —
O that such our death may be ! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamoured tone

Poems Written in 1822

Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way —
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray

With a Guitar, to Jane .

These secrets of an elder day :
But sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our belovèd Jane alone.

The Isle



HERE was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven :
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.



To Jane: “The Keen Stars Were Twinkling”

I.

HE keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising
among them,
Dear Jane!

The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
Again.

II.

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
is thrown,
So your voice most tender
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

To Jane

III.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later,
To-night ;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

IV.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.





Lines: “We Meet Not as We Parted”

I.



E meet not as we parted,
We feel more than all may see,
My bosom is heavy-hearted,
And thine full of doubt for me.
One moment has bound the free.

II.

That moment is gone for ever,
Like lightning that flashed and died,
Like a snowflake upon the river,
Like a sunbeam upon the tide,
Which the dark shadows hide.

III.

That moment from time was singled
As the first of a life of pain,

Lines

The cup of its joy was mingled
— Delusion too sweet though vain !
Too sweet to be mine again.

IV.

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden
That its life was crushed by you,
Ye would not have then forbidden
The death which a heart so true
Sought in your briny dew.

V.

Methinks too little cost
For a moment so found, so lost !





Note on Poems of 1822, by Mrs. Shelley

This morn thy gallant bark
Sailed on a sunny sea :
'Tis noon, and tempests dark
Have wrecked it on the lee.
Ah, woe ! ah, woe !
By Spirits of the deep
Thou'rt cradled on the billow
To thy eternal sleep.

Thou sleep'st upon the shore
Beside the knelling surge,
And Sea-nymphs evermore
Shall sadly chaunt thy dirge.
They come, they come,
The Spirits of the deep, —
While near thy seaweed pillow
My lonely watch I keep.

From far across the sea
I hear a loud lament,

Note by Mrs. Shelley

By Echo's voice for thee
From ocean's caverns sent.
 Oh, list ! oh, list !
The Spirits of the deep !
 They raise a wail of sorrow,
While I for ever weep.



ITH this last year of the life of Shelley these notes end. They are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy, and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius of the beloved and the lost; my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past, full of its own deep and unforgotten joys and sorrows, contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle, has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write, and these again produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these notes. I dislike speaking of myself, but cannot help apologizing to the dead, and to the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired

Note by Mrs. Shelley

the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings.¹

The winter of 1822 was passed in Pisa, if we might call that season winter in which autumn merged into spring after the interval of but few days of bleaker weather. Spring sprang up early, and with extreme beauty. Shelley had conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Charles I. It was one that he believed adapted for a drama; full of intense interest, contrasted character, and busy passion. He had recommended it long before, when he encouraged me to attempt a play. Whether the subject proved more difficult than he anticipated, or whether in fact he could not bend his mind away from the broodings and wanderings of thought divested from human interest, which he best loved, I

¹ I at one time feared that the correction of the press might be less exact through my illness; but I believe that it is nearly free from error. Some asterisks occur in a few pages as they did in the volume of "Posthumous Poems," either because they refer to private concerns, or because the original manuscript was left imperfect. Did any one see the papers from which I drew that volume, the wonder would be how any eyes or patience were capable of extracting it from so confused a mass, interlined and broken into fragments, so that the sense could only be deciphered and joined by guesses which might seem rather intuitive than founded on reasoning. Yet I believe no mistake was made.

Note by Mrs. Shelley

cannot tell ; but he proceeded slowly, and threw it aside for one of the most mystical of his poems, the "Triumph of Life," on which he was employed at the last.

His passion for boating was fostered at this time by having among our friends several sailors. His favourite companion, Edward Ellerker Williams, of the 8th Light Dragoons, had begun his life in the navy, and had afterward entered the army ; he had spent several years in India, and his love for adventure and manly exercises accorded with Shelley's taste. It was their favourite plan to build a boat such as they could manage themselves, and, living on the seacoast, to enjoy at every hour and season the pleasure they loved best. Captain Roberts, R. N., undertook to build the boat at Genoa, where he was also occupied in building the *Bolivar* for Lord Byron. Ours was to be an open boat, on a model taken from one of the royal dockyards. I have since heard that there was a defect in this model, and that it was never seaworthy. In the month of February, Shelley and his friend went to Spezia to seek for houses for us. Only one was to be found at all suitable ; however, a trifle such as

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not finding a house could not stop Shelley; the one found was to serve for all. It was unfurnished; we sent our furniture by sea, and with a good deal of precipitation, arising from his impatience, made our removal. We left Pisa on the 26th of April.

The Bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of San Terenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin. He had (and this to the Italians had seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness) rooted up the olives on the hillside, and planted forest-trees. These were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw in Italy; some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark

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massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty. The blue extent of waters, the almost landlocked bay, the near castle of Lerici shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged footpath toward Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea, leaving no sands nor shingle, formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Sometimes the sunshine vanished when the sirocco raged—the “ponente” the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls that hailed our first arrival surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever varying tints.

The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours of San Terenzo were

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more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing, or rather howling; the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks and joining in their loud wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarnana, at a distance of three miles and a half off, with the torrent of the Magra between; and even there the supply was very deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves farther from civilization and comfort; but, where the sun shines, the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively.

At first the fatal boat had not arrived, and was expected with great impatience. On Monday, 12th May, it came. Williams records the long-wished-for fact in his journal: "Cloudy and threatening weather. M. Maglian called; and after dinner, and while walking with him on the terrace, we discovered a strange sail

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coming round the point of Porto Venere, which proved at length to be Shelley's boat. She had left Genoa on Thursday last, but had been driven back by the prevailing bad winds. A Mr. Heslop and two English seamen brought her round, and they speak most highly of her performances. She does indeed excite my surprise and admiration. Shelley and I walked to Lerici, and made a stretch off the land to try her: and I find she fetches whatever she looks at. In short, we have now a perfect plaything for the summer." — It was thus that short-sighted mortals welcomed Death, he having disguised his grim form in a pleasing mask! The time of the friends was now spent on the sea; the weather became fine, and our whole party often passed the evenings on the water when the wind promised pleasant sailing. Shelley and Williams made longer excursions; they sailed several times to Massa. They had engaged one of the seamen who brought her round, a boy, by name Charles Vivian; and they had not the slightest apprehension of danger. When the weather was unfavourable, they employed themselves with alterations in the rigging, and by building a boat of canvas

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and reeds, as light as possible, to have on board the other for the convenience of landing in waters too shallow for the larger vessel. When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him; and much of the "Triumph of Life" was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him.

The heats set in in the middle of June; the days became excessively hot. But the sea-breeze cooled the air at noon, and extreme heat always put Shelley in spirits. A long drought had preceded the heat; and prayers for rain were being put up in the churches, and processions of relics for the same effect took place in every town. At this time we received letters announcing the arrival of Leigh Hunt at Genoa. Shelley was very eager to see him. I was confined to my room by severe illness, and could not move; it was agreed that Shelley and Williams should go to Leghorn in the boat. Strange that no fear of danger crossed our minds! Living on the seashore, the ocean became as a plaything: as a child may sport with a lighted stick, till a spark inflames a forest, and spreads destruction over all, so did we fearlessly and blindly tamper with danger,

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and make a game of the terrors of the ocean. Our Italian neighbours, even, trusted themselves as far as Massa in the skiff; and the running down the line of coast to Leghorn gave no more notion of peril than a fair-weather inland navigation would have done to those who had never seen the sea. Once, some months before, Trelawny had raised a warning voice as to the difference of our calm bay and the open sea beyond; but Shelley and his friend, with their one sailor-boy, thought themselves a match for the storms of the Mediterranean, in a boat which they looked upon as equal to all it was put to do.

On the first of July they left us. If ever shadow of future ill darkened the present hour, such was over my mind when they went. During the whole of our stay at Lerici, an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind, and covered this beautiful place and genial summer with the shadow of coming misery. I had vainly struggled with these emotions—they seemed accounted for by my illness; but at this hour of separation they recurred with renewed violence. I did not anticipate danger for them, but a vague expec-

Note by Mrs. Shelley

tation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go. The day was calm and clear ; and, a fine breeze rising at twelve, they weighed for Leghorn. They made the run of about fifty miles in seven hours and a half. The *Bolivar* was in port ; and, the regulations of the Health-office not permitting them to go on shore after sunset, they borrowed cushions from the larger vessel, and slept on board their boat.

They spent a week at Pisa and Leghorn. The want of rain was severely felt in the country. The weather continued sultry and fine. I have heard that Shelley all this time was in brilliant spirits. Not long before, talking of presentiment, he had said the only one that he ever found infallible was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous. Yet, if ever fate whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible but not unfelt prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly in its excess : the distance we were at from all signs of civilization, the sea at our feet, its murmurs or its roaring for ever at our ears,— all these things led the mind to brood over strange thoughts,

Note by Mrs. Shelley

and lifting it from every-day life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. A sort of spell surrounded us ; and each day, as the voyagers did not return, we grew restless and disquieted, and yet, strange to say, we were not fearful of the most apparent danger.

The spell snapped, it was all over ; an interval of agonizing doubt—of days passed in miserable journeys to gain tidings, of hopes that took firmer root even as they were more baseless — was changed to the certainty of the death that eclipsed all happiness for the survivors for evermore.

There was something in our fate peculiarly harrowing. The remains of those we lost were cast on shore ; but, by the quarantine laws of the coast, we were not permitted to have possession of them—the law with respect to everything cast on land by the sea being that such should be burned, to prevent the possibility of any remnant bringing the plague into Italy ; and no representation could alter the law. At length, through the kind and unwearyed exertions of Mr. Dawkins, our chargé d'affaires at Florence, we gained permission to receive the ashes after the bodies were consumed.

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Nothing could equal the zeal of Trelawny in carrying our wishes into effect. He was indefatigable in his exertions, and full of forethought and sagacity in his arrangements. It was a fearful task; he stood before us at last, his hands scorched and blistered by the flames of the funeral-pyre, and by touching the burnt relics as he placed them in the receptacles prepared for the purpose. And there, in compass of that small case, was gathered all that remained on earth of him whose genius and virtue were a crown of glory to the world—whose love had been the source of happiness, peace, and good,—to be buried with him!

The concluding stanzas of the “Adonais” pointed out where the remains ought to be deposited; in addition to which our beloved child lay buried in the cemetery at Rome. Thither Shelley’s ashes were conveyed; and they rest beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers that recur at intervals in the circuit of the massy ancient wall of Rome. He selected the hallowed place himself; there is

“the sepulchre,
Oh not of him, but of our joy!—

Note by Mrs. Shelley

"And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Reeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilions the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath."

Could sorrow for the lost, and shuddering anguish at the vacancy left behind, be soothed by poetic imaginations, there was something in Shelley's fate to mitigate pangs which yet, alas ! could not be so mitigated ; for hard reality brings too miserably home to the mourner all that is lost of happiness, all of lonely unsolaced struggle that remains. Still, though dreams and hues of poetry cannot blunt grief, it invests his fate with a sublime fitness, which those less nearly allied may regard with complacency. A year before he had poured into verse all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny ; and, when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea, and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away,

Note by Mrs. Shelley

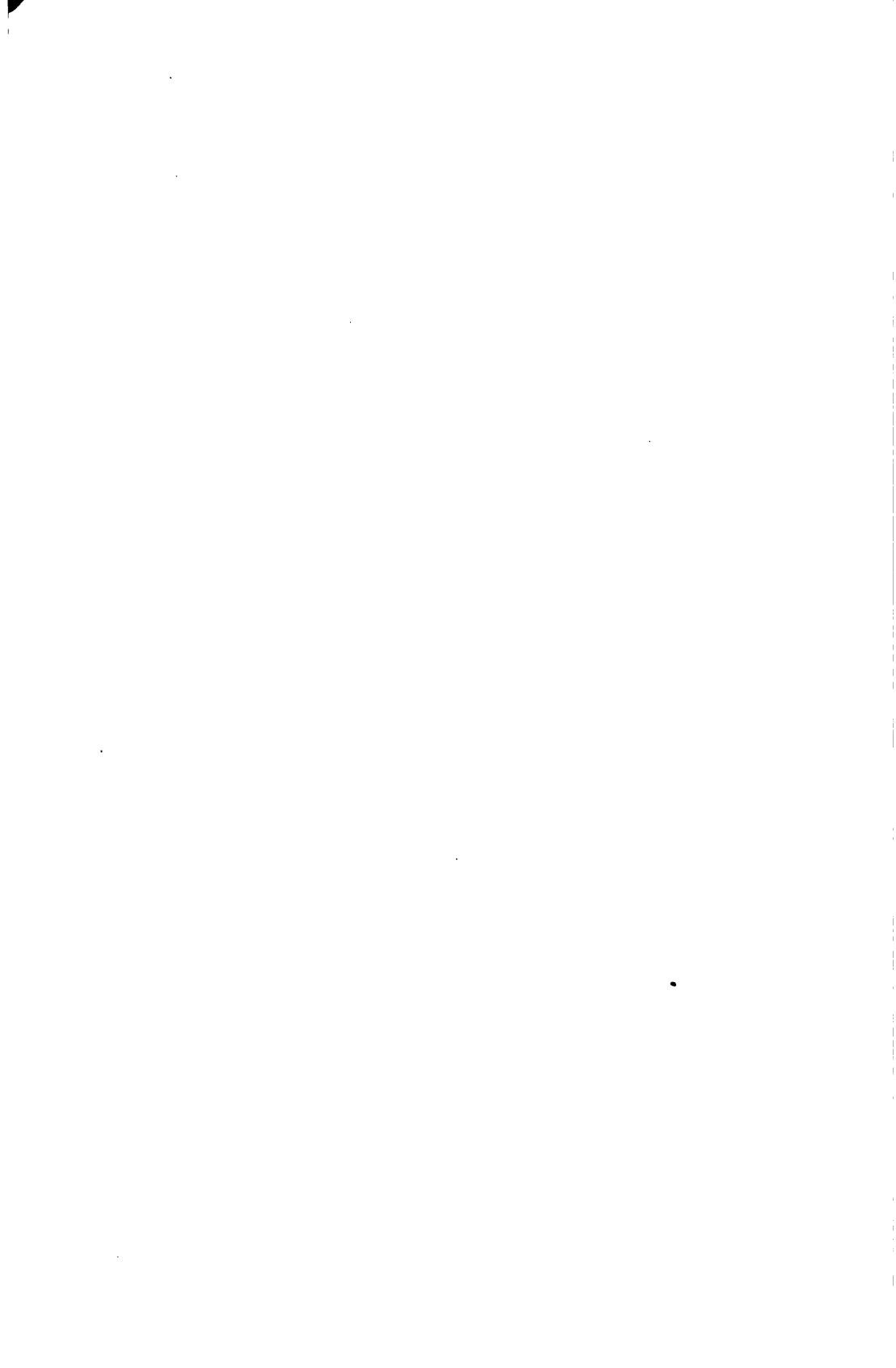
no sign remained of where it had been'—
who but will regard as a prophecy the last
stanza of the "Adonais?"

"The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spher'd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Putney, May 1, 1839.

¹Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the lighthouse of Leghorn, on its homeward track. They were off Via Reggio, at some distance from shore, when a storm was driven over the sea. It enveloped them and several larger vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed onwards, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished. From that time he could scarcely doubt the fatal truth; yet we fancied that they might have been driven toward Elba or Corsica, and so be saved. The observation made as to the spot where the boat disappeared caused it to be found, through the exertions of Trelawny for that effect. It had gone down in ten fathom water; it had not capsized, and, except such things as had floated from her, everything was found on board exactly as it had been placed when they sailed. The boat itself was uninjured. Roberts possessed himself of her, and decked her; but she proved not seaworthy, and her shattered planks now lie rotting on the shore of one of the Ionian islands, on which she was wrecked.

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